

THE BEE

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WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY AUGUST 19, 1911

AT DURHAM, N. C.

Dr. Shepard's Great Speech THE GREATEST SUCCESS YET

Durham, N. C., Aug. 8.

Although some of the greatest lectures during the present session of the summer school and chautauqua of the National Religious Training School, but none has occasioned such an unique ovation as was tendered Dr. D. Webster Davis, the noted poet, author, preacher, lecturer and a staunch defender for the rights of his race. When Dr. Davis announced that the State of Virginia had accepted his new history of the Negro race, to be used in the Negro schools of that State he elicited such a pronounced applause from his large audience, composed of teachers, preachers and an enthusiastic laity. Following some of the most talented men in the white race, and lecturing to a class of people intelligently prepared to receive and appreciate the best to be heard at a summer school and chautauqua which the National Religious Training school is giving the race, Dr. Davis has sustained his well-earned reputation by his lectures, which were inspiring and uplifting.

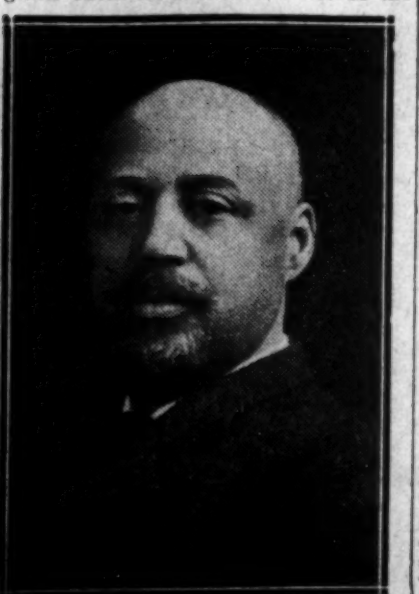
Dr. Davis began last Thursday afternoon with a series of lectures on "Negro Ideals." These lectures were gems, and exhibited profound thought, careful research and careful historical work. The ability to be manly and courageous and not cringing in one's attitude on questions of vital importance to the Negro folk, was a cardinal feature of his lectures, and will undoubtedly become a heaven for great good in the life of those who heard him and were greatly benefited, so that they will return to their respective homes imbued with the spirit to reach the other fellow and make him a potent element in racial development. The inspiring hymns of the grand old characters which have the power to reach the soul and create ennobling ideals for their children now enjoying only distinctive American music, the Negro should feel proud of some which represented character and registered his hopes, ambitions and ideals. That every person of ebony realizes himself as he has never before realized himself in all the history of the world. He demands that no mere accident or incident of his life shall rob him of his rights as an individual. Anywhere or everywhere he is a man, and has the rights that belong to him as a man. He is always "a man for a that," said Dr. Geo. Miller, pastor of the wealthy Protestant Methodist Church, at Stubbenville, O., in delivering one of the ablest addresses Thursday of last week, on the subject "The Negro." In a fair and deliberate manner he touched upon the race question in a manner that created prolonged applause at times during his address. He said in reference to the rights to individuals that "this demand for individual rights rises above all distinctions of color. Color is an incident of life and a distinction of nature that shall not in any wise interfere with the high demands of the individual. One color is no more a badge of distinction than another is of inferiority. Individual worth recognized and rewarded is the ideal of the present day. It is this that give rise to most, if not all, the friction of the present age."

He sat himself square on the race question when he exclaimed "About all that I have to say about this race question is to reassert my former premise that after all the race question as every other question of real importance in our day over which men divide is fundamentally a question that grows out of the demand for individual rights. With this demand I am in full sympathy. Any other position is out of harmony with the Christian spirit." This address was strong and uncompromising.

The Bible class taught by Venerable Archdeacon W. G. Avant, D. D., and other departments of the school, are visited by a number of prominent visitors from various sections of the country. The summer school and chautauqua will close Sunday, unparalleled by educational movements of the race in this section of the country.

Judge R. H. Terrell.

Judge Robert H. Terrell, who has given such satisfaction as one of the



Tempkins Dining Hall, Tuskegee Institute, Ala.



TOMPKINS HALL.

In this building 1,700 students during the school term take their meals three times daily. It is the largest dining hall for colored students anywhere in the world. The building also contains an assembly room with a seating capacity of 2,500, a teachers' dining room with accommodations for 200, a kitchen, and a large bakery which supplies the needs of the school and of the Institute community. The tables in the dining hall are neatly arranged and decorated with flowers, and it is a most interesting sight to see the whole student body at a meal. The next session of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute opens Tuesday, September 12th.

Judges of the Municipal Court, should be selected to preside occasionally in the Police Court. Judge Pugh has been taxed with both courts for several weeks. It would be a good idea for President Taft, at the expiration of Judge Mulowney's term of service, to appoint Judge Terrell to succeed him.

LAWYERS FOR TAFT.

Representative Members of the Bar Express Themselves.

President Taft is a favorite among the colored representatives of the local bar. In speaking to three leading members of the bar, a Bee representative was informed that no better man could be renominated and elected President of the United States.

Attorney Thomas L. Jones stated this week that he was for the renomination and election of President Taft. Mr. Jones stated further that President Taft has been fair and just to every American citizen, irrespective of color or condition.

Attorney Royal Hughes, in speaking of President Taft, said that he has always been for the renomination and election of President Taft. "He is a good man," remarked Attorney Hughes.

Attorney John E. Collins, a member of the bar and one of the leading men in the Elks, is outspoken for the renomination and election of President Taft. Mr. Collins said that he doesn't know where a better man could be found.

The Bee will from time to time publish interesting interviews of members of the bar and other representative men who favor the renomination and election of President Taft.

MRS. McADOO

Sails For a Trip Around the World.

(Special to The Bee.)

BOSTON, MASS., Aug. 9.—Mrs. Mattie Allan McAdoo, of 278 Harvard street, Cambridge, Mass., left here last Saturday, August 4, for Vancouver, from where she took passage to Sydney, Australia, and thence around the world.

Mrs. McAdoo came to Boston some time ago and has a number of books written by members of her race among the pertinent and strong appeals made by him.

"Domestic Ideals" was another subject discussed by him that brought out narrations of the ante-bellum period that showed how the Negro had to forego certain environments detrimental to his proper domestic development, and he clearly stated that the domestic ideals of the race were being formed by the present generation of Afro-Americans.

He gave historical facts to show that the greatest curse of any race is a poor domestic ideal. The principles that should actuate husband and wife and make domestic tranquility a predominant factor in their lives were, practically and eloquently enunciated by the pleasing speaker, who received an ovation every time he lectured. His popular lectures were received with great interest by the largest audience of the season. The kind of gospel as Dr. Davis is preaching, certainly will cause thousands of his race to accept every opportunity to manfully strive for ennobling ideals and act the part that God requires of every member of the human family.

The address of Dr. Shepard, showing the aims and purposes of his great institution, would make excellent literature. His address was pregnant with cogent facts and proper conception of reaching and developing the race upon the principles of the Bible. He aroused pronounced enthusiasm, the kind that is not psychological and giving only temporary effect, but an enthusiasm that cause one to "accept the main chance" for true service. The settlement work being done under the leadership of Miss Pinyon, a

specialist on Sanitary Chemistry, a graduate of Cornell University, is an evidence of the school's scope, and Dr. Shepard's plans are becoming a tangible factor for the thorough rounding of the character of the race.

"The ideals of our age are individual rights. The individual is refusing to be lost in the mass. He refuses to accept any philosophy of life that loses sight of the individual. Man believes that he has individual rights, worth and privileges which no system or scheme of society have the right to ignore. In other words man today ten years ago from the far off Antipodes, to educate her only son. She has made the Hub her home until a few years ago, when she moved to Cambridge, and has a host of friends here, and is well known and highly thought of in charitable and club circles. Mrs. McAdoo is a member of the Calhoun Club, and interested in the Robert Gould Shaw House and other similar activities. This lady is a gifted and talented musician. She has traveled quite extensively, having been around the world half a dozen times, visiting the principal cities and countries of the globe. Her late husband, Orpheus McAdoo, was one of the early graduates of Hampton, and he introduced our own Jubilee Singing to many lands, notably South Africa and Australia, where he laid the foundation of a comfortable fortune, and died there in the late nineties. Mrs. McAdoo expects to re-visit old friends in Sydney and to renew her many acquaintances in the continental capitals and also in London during her absence. Mrs. McAdoo is a sister of Miss Lula Allan, of Howard University faculty.

BOSTON PREPARES FOR EQUAL RIGHTS CONVENTION.

Large Number of Delegates Expected From Many States—Splendid Entertainment Being Arranged For.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 10.—Boston is preparing for the coming Equal Rights National Convention, of the National Independence Political League, August 28-30th. A committee on hospitality, a committee of ladies, is being formed with Mrs. J. G. Street as chairman, so the delegates will be well taken care of. The colored pastors are generously arranging for the visiting clergy to preach on the Sunday previous, August 27, "Race Rights Sunday," a day to be set apart for prayer in behalf of our oppressed people of the South and in appeal to Almighty God to stop the awful human carnage. Three public meetings are being arranged, one for every night of the convention. On Monday, August 28, there will be a mass meeting in the new Twelfth Street Baptist Church, when speakers of national reputation will speak. On Tuesday night, August 29th, there will be a star concert under the direction of Prof. Theodore Drury, with an oration by Bishop Walters, and a reception to delegates and officers following, admission 25 cents.

Great Local Interest.

A citizen auxiliary committee of five hundred is being formed. Last Tuesday night an unusually interesting and valuable meeting was held in the new Twelfth Street Baptist Church, with speeches for the cause by State Chairman Emory T. Morris, Dr. Alice McKane, Lawyer D. Macon Webster, of New York, Editor Trotter, Pastor M. A. N. Shaw and Dr. O. M. Waller, of Brooklyn. Chairman of the Citizens Committee T. P. Taylor presided. Mr. Wm. D. Johnson offered prayer. Mr. C. P. Russell and Dr. E. I. Wright acted as secretaries. Mr. Robert Blackwell sang a solo very pleasing.

Our people are urged to attend as delegates.

Read The Bee.

GENERAL HENRY E. FORREST.

General Henry E. Forrest, who is a well-known resident of this city, and Jersey City, N. J., has just returned from Boston, Mass., where he represented Progressive Lodge, No. 15, I. B. P. O. E. W., of Jersey City, N. J., as delegate to the Elks' convention.

The General's trip was crowned with many pleasant and interesting features during his sojourn in the "Baked Beans City." The convention was interesting and harmonious. The General was one of the most conspicuous figures on the floor. It was due to his powerful closing speech that swung the next Grand Lodge's convention to Dayton, Ohio. There was quite a discussion as to whether it should go to Atlantic City, N. J., the discussion being as to which of the two places would be better. The General's speech settled the question between the two places, hence Dayton, Ohio, was selected.

He said New York had it twice, Chicago once, St. Paul, Minn., once, Detroit, Mich. once, and last in Boston, Mass. He also included in his objections to Atlantic City that just closed its session at the seaside resort, and it would look as though the colored Grand Lodge was following the whites. He therefore held that Dayton, Ohio, was the most desirable place for the next convention, as that place had not heretofore had the pleasure of entertaining the convention.

A New Senatorial Punching Bag.

From "The Cleveland (O.) Leader." In selecting James K. Vardaman for the United States Senate by a heavy majority, Mississippi undoubtedly gets the kind of a Senator it wants and the kind it deserves. But in so doing it has revealed to the other States that it refuses to accept the progress of the past sixty years.

Vardaman prosecuted his campaign on one issue—that the constitutional amendments giving citizenship to the colored men in this country should be repealed. That is his hobby, and he repeats it persistently and offensively. He is noisy, blatant, irresponsible, and his style of "argument" can appeal to no one but the bitterest and most ignorant of Southern Negro-haters. As a ranting and rip-roaring screamer he can outstrip the most strenuous efforts of Senator Tillman in the days of our oppressed people of the South when his savage brandishing of the pitchfork furnished amusement for the nation.

Of course Vardaman stands as much chance of receiving a serious hearing on the "issue" he represents as he would were he attempting to bring about the abrogation of the Declaration of Independence. It is painful to contemplate the things that will be done to him after he takes his seat in the Senate. Perhaps the best that can be hoped for him is that he will sooner or later wake up to the fact that he is regarded only as a joke, and, as his Arkansas colleague and fellow blatherskite, Jeff Davis has done, relapse into sullen silence.

FAIRMOUNT HEIGHTS NEWS.

The Fairmount Heights Real Estate and Home Saving Association, through its manager, Mr. James F. Armstrong, has just closed a deal with the People's Seventh Day Adventist Church, Elder Lewis C. Sheafe, pastor, for a four-acre site, improved by a two-story dwelling, well, fruit trees and out-buildings. This property is to be used for a school and an old folks' home. A distinguished body, representing the church, visited the place August 13, 1911. Among those present were Elder Lewis C. Sheafe, the highly cultured and most polished pastor; Mr. C. A. Mack, Mr. George Vawter, Mr. Wm. Jefferson, Mr. Thomas Jefferson, Mr.

Edward Shepard, Mr. Lewis Bryan, Mrs. Carrie V. Tolson, Mrs. Mary E. Adams, and Mrs. Rosa Mason. On their return to the city they stopped at the home of Mr. James F. Armstrong and spent more than thirty minutes singing the "sweet songs of Zion." Mr. C. A. Mack gave the M. E. Church here Methodist hymnals sufficient to supply the congregation for the present. The church extends to Bro. Mack a rising vote of thanks.

Mrs. Q. V. Coalman, Mrs. M. E. Campbell, and Mr. J. T. Slater will represent the Epworth League of this charge at the District Conference, which convenes September 5.

All preliminaries having been made the contractor, Mr. John T. Trent, will begin the building of the M. E. Church August 28. The M. E. Church Sunday school gave their annual outing Thursday, August 17. The concert of the M. E. Church Sunday school was a grand success.

Rev. Robert A. Hart, residing at 61st street and the District Boulevard, Fairmount Heights, and pastor of one of the M. E. churches in the city, preached a very interesting and instructive sermon at the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church, August 13, 1911, from the text, "I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Subject, "Power of the Church." He has accepted an invitation to preach at the Lincoln Temple Congregational Church, of which Dr. Sterling Brown is pastor, Sunday morning, August 20.

The County School Commissioners, represented by Hon. O. B. Zantinger, visited Fairmount Heights August 14 for the purpose of perfecting plans pertaining to the public school here. He was accompanied by Hon. R. B. B. Chew, candidate for the office of State's attorney for Prince George County. Mr. Chew is the only Republican candidate of the county who made public speeches against the disfranchisement amendments to the Maryland Constitution.

Messrs. R. S. Nichols and J. F. Armstrong spent Tuesday, August 15, at Upper Marlboro, and made final arrangements for the erection of the public school building here. Within a week or ten days the ground for the building will be broken, which we hope will be completed within 90 days.

Lawyer L. M. King is building houses in this section, exclusively for white tenants of the county.

NEGRO BUSINESS LEAGUE.

The Constitution is a Freak.

At a recent meeting of the local Negro Business League, Thomas J. Calloway, Mrs. Henrietta V. Davis, Dr. J. H. Coleman, R. W. Thompson, Prof. L. M. Hershaw, none of whom were members, went into an election of officers. Cy Adams, Judge Gibbs, were also present. The real members who had a right to vote were J. P. Layton, Dan Freeman and R. L. Waring.

Thomas Calloway wanted the constitution repudiated, as it was a freak, and the man who wrote it was W. Calvin Chase, so remarked Calloway.

The so-called election is a freak, and the league will repudiate it at its next meeting.

A FUND TO HELP WORTHY TEACHERS.

A Gift to Dr. Shepard by Female Students.

Durham, N. C., Aug. 15. The female students of the National Religious Training School, of Durham, N. C., of which Dr. James E. Shepard is president, started a fund to help worthy young women who teach in the country.

At the close of the Summer School the faculty and students presented Dr. Shepard a handsome reading lamp, which cost \$50.

PARAGRAPHIC NEWS

Important News Happenings of the Week

DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTEREST

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

Two States, Maryland and Oregon, celebrated their political birth August 14. Maryland adopted a constitution August 14, 1776, and the Territory of Oregon was organized by Congress August 14, 1858.

Rose Pitonof, 16 years old, swam twenty-one miles, in eight hours and seven minutes. The trip was from East Twenty-sixth street, Manhattan, to Coney Island. It was the longest swim ever made by a woman in this country. It is also a feat that many of the greatest male swimmers have failed to negotiate.

A statue of Gen. James Miller, an 1812 war hero, whose assault on a British battery won the battle of Lundy's Lane, has been authorized by the Senate, to be erected at his birthplace, Petersburg, N. H. Gen. Miller was also Governor of Arkansas, 1810-25.

Clad in a uniform of Confederate gray, the body of Gen. George W. Gordon, commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans, was laid to rest in Elmwood Cemetery, Memphis, Tenn., last week.

President Taft has designated Thursday, November 30, as Thanksgiving Day this year. This year there happened to have been some doubt, because November happened to include five, instead of four Thursdays.

One hundred and twenty acres of land, costing \$15,000, has been purchased in Texas, on which an industrial college for colored Americans is to be erected.

Mrs. Annie Rice, the widow of the policeman who was shot by Zach Walker, colored, and who was taken from the hospital and lynched, admits she begged to be allowed to go along so as to apply the first match. Yet she did not recognize anyone in the party of lynchers.

Senator Borah, from the committee on education and labor, wants to establish a bureau to be known as the children's bureau. The duty of which will be to investigate and gather information concerning all subjects relating to child life, including accidents, morality and dangerous employments, as well as child delinquents and juvenile courts.

Dr. Louis Schapiro, a graduate of the George Washington University, has been awarded a gold medal and received a personal letter from President Taft for bravery displayed in the Philippines.

A pearl weighing 47 grams, and said to be one of the largest of its kind in the United States, was found by a colored man on the shore of the lake north of Shreveport. He sold it for \$250, the buyer sold it for \$1,500, and the merchant to whom it was sold values it for a much larger amount.

A road made of leather waste is one of the attractions of Birmingham, England. There had been no use for the waste leather until somebody conceived the idea of road-making with it. It is first shredded into fine bits, then treated with tar. The road has been in existence for a year and shows but few signs of wear.

Miss Adelaide G. White, the only woman who ever officiated as a deputy sheriff in Washington County, died last week at the home of her mother in Hagerstown, Md.

After much study, the military authorities have adopted a new campaign hat for the army. It has a three-inch straight brim and a five-inch crown with the "Montana peak." The selection was the result of a compromise between two different styles recommended by infantry and cavalry.

Because so many students marry upon graduation, Simmons College, in New York, will introduce this fall a course in the science of marketing.

Lenard L. Boyd, a former student of Tuskegee Institute, has been appointed postmaster at Grambling, La. The army in China consists of 650,000 men, the privates in which are paid one dollar per month, and out of this they feed themselves. Three dollars per month are paid to the cavalry, and they are required to feed themselves as well as their horses.

No reductions in the temporary force of the census bureau will be made at the end of this month. Reduction at the end of each month was the program at the bureau since the work of completing the thirteenth census. Sufficient work still remains to justify keeping all clerks another month.

Maj. Henry Reed Rathbone, who was military aid to President Lincoln, and who was stabbed by Booth, when he attempted to defend Mr. Lincoln, April 14, 1865, died in Hanover, Germany, this week.

Owing to a race war in Durant, Okla., more than half the colored population has fled.

Packages of unfinished American one dollar bills, aggregating many thousands of dollars, are said to have been found on the estate of Count Spiridon Karada, in Hungary.

August 15th is the birthday anniversary of several men famous in history, including Napoleon Bonaparte, who was born August 15, 1769, and Sir Walter Scott, the Scotch novelist, who was born August 15, 1771, and lived until December 21, 1832.

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE

(Ich, wie ist's möglich)

The well known German Folk-Song

As sung in the leading

EUROPEAN MUSIC HALLS.

Andante.

1. How can I leave thee, While I do love thee so? Thou art my
1. Ach, wie ist's mög-lich dann, dass ich dich las-sen kann; hab' dich von

p

all in all, Tru-ly my own! Thou hast this soul of mine
Her-zen lieb, das glau-be mir. Du hast die See-le mein

So firm-ly lock'd in thine That my heart e'er will be Thine, love, a-lone!
so ganz ge-nom-men ein, dass ich kein' An-dre lieb' als dich al-lein.

Published by AMERICAN MELODY Co., New York.

2. There is a flow-er, 'ret, Call'd the "For-get-me-not;" Wear that flow'r
3. Were I a bird, love, Swift-ly I'd home-ward fly, No Fal-con
2. Blau is das Blüm-e-lein, das heisst Ver-giss-nicht-mein. Das Blüm-lein
3. War' ich ein Vog-e-lein, Wollt' ich bald bei dir sein. Scheu' Falk und

near thy heart Ev-er for me! Should hope and flow-er die,
bold should stay My flight to thee. E'en should the huntsman's dart
leg' on's Herz und denk' an mich. Stirbt, Blum' und Hoff-nung gleich,
Ha-bicht nicht, Flög' schnell zu dir. Schöss' mich ein Jä-ger todt,

To SS for 3d Verse.

Still sweet-ly blest were I, Faith in each oth-er's love Our bliss should be!
Pierce my de-vot-ed heart, Neath thy fond gaze to die Pain-less would be!
wir sind an Lie-be reich; Denn die stirbt nie in mir, das glau-be mir.
Fiel ich in dei-nen Schoss, Süh'st du mich trau-rig an, Gern stürb' ich dann.

How Can I Leave Thee. 2 pp.—2.

Have You Any Mantle Troubles?

USE BLOCK INNERLIN LINED MANTLES

AND YOUR TROUBLES ARE OVER

Block Innerlin Lined Mantles give 50 per cent. more light and will outlast six ordinary mantles. This means a saving of 75 per cent. on your mantle expense. TWO COMPLETE GAS MANTLES IN ONE. Price, 25 cents.

GET ONE TO TRY WITHOUT COST

Save the box covers from 12 Block Vy-tal-ty Mantles—the best 10 and 15-cent grade of mantles sold—take them to your dealer, or send them to us, and get a Block Innerlin Lined Mantle free.

Block Vy-tal-ty and Block Innerlin Lined Mantles are for sale at Hardware, China, Plumbing, Grocery and Department Stores.

Dealers Write for Our Descriptive Circular and New Catalogue

The Block Light Co., Youngstown, Ohio
(Sole Manufacturers)

Headquarters for Incandescent Mantles, Burners and Supplies of every description, Gas, Gasoline, Kerosene, High Pressure, etc.

For sale by Goldberg Department Store, W. T. & F. B. Weaver & Son

A Picture of Eternity.

The negro preacher is noted for his enthusiasm and his picturesque, almost poetic, way of expressing things. In "Life in Old Virginia" J. J. McDonald tells about a colored minister who was conducting a revival without much success. At last, however, he awakened his congregation by asking: "Does yo' know what eternity is? Well, I tell yo'."

"If one of dem I'll sparrows what yo' see round yo' garden bushes was to dip his bill in de 'Lantic ocean an' take one hop a day an' hop 'cross de country an' put dat drop of water into de 'Cific ocean an' den he hop back to de 'Lantic ocean—jes' one hop a day—an' if he keep dat hoppin' up twell de 'Lantic ocean wuz dry as a bone, it wouldn't be break o' day in eternity."

"Dar, now," said one of de brethren, "yo' see for yo'sef how long eternity is."

A Tribute to Woman.

When everything around a man staggers and wavers, when all seems dark and dim in the far distance of the unknown future, when the world seems but a picture or a fairy tale and the universe a chimera, when the whole structure of ideas vanishes in smoke and all certainties become enigmatical, what is, the only permanent thing which may still be his? The faithful heart of a woman. There he may rest his head; there he will renew his strength for the battle of life, increase his faith in Providence and, if need be, find strength to die in peace with a benediction on his lips.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

Easy Marks.

"Talk about yore easy marks," said Uncle Silas Geehaw, who had been passing a week in the city, "us rubes ain't in it with them air teown chaps."

"Did yew sell 'em enny gold bricks, Silas?" queried old Daddy Squashneck.

"Naw, I didn't," answered Uncle Silas, "but I seed a feller peddlin' artificial ice-bed th' sign right on his wagon—an' blamed ef th' chumps did not buy it fer th' real thing, by grass!"—Chicago News.

Lots of Nerve.

Farmer's Son—My father sent me over to borrow your horse and cart.

She—Goodness! Why, he already has all our tools, our axes, our hay-rakes and—

He—I know. He just wants the horse and cart to bring them back.—London Telegraph.

Also It Uses Up Gold.

"Did you ever notice how a ring is like the marriage obligation?"

"No. How do you mean?"

"A ring is more easily put on than it is taken off."—Boston Transcript.

READ THE NEWS

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TRADE MARK

MAKES THE HAIR GROW

BUY NOW.

HAIR-VIM is an ideal and elegant hair dressing. Especially prepared for persons who appreciate the ideal and elegant appearance of their hair. It makes the hair soft, silky and glossy, and greatly promotes its luxuriant growth. It cures dandruff, stops falling hair, and prevents baldness by completely destroying the dandruff germ. 25cts the box; the bottle, by mail, 30 cts.

HAIR-VIM SOAP is cleansing in its effect and beautifying in its results.

Especially adapted for shampooing the hair, and fills every requirement for use in the toilet, bath and nursery. 25cts the cake.

BEAU-TE-VIM CREAM—Is a restorer, preserver, beautifier and bleach for the skin. Lubricating the surface, giving it life and adding brilliancy to the complexion. 25cts the box.

OWL CORN SALVE—A panacea for all foot evils. One box convinces the most skeptical. Try it. 10 cts. a box.

All preparations on sale at all first-class drug stores. If your druggist hasn't this, drop us a card. Active agents wanted everywhere. Braids, puffs and transformations made to order. All grades of hair perfectly matched. Free advice given for your hair needs.

Hair-Vim Chem. Co., Inc. Successor to Columbia Chemical Co., New York News, Va.

Mrs. J. P. H. Coleman, Pharm. D., president and manager, 1113 U Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C. Liberal commission paid. Phone N. 3259-M.

W.B. Reduso CORSETS

THE W. B. Reduso Corset brings well-developed figures into graceful, slender lines. It reduces the hips and abdomen from one to five inches.

Simple in construction, the Reduso—unhampered by straps or cumbersome attachments of any sort, transforms the figure completely.

Fabrics are staunch woven, durable materials, designed to meet the demand of strain and long wear. There are several styles to suit the requirements of all stout figures.

Style 770 (as pictured) medium high bust, long over hips and abdomen. Made of durable coutil or batiste, with lace and ribbon trimming. Three pairs hose supporters. Sizes 19 to 36. Price \$3.00. Other REDUSO models \$3.00 per pair upwards to \$10.00.

W. B. Nuform and Erect Form Corsets—In a series of perfect models, for all figures, \$1.00 upwards to \$5.00 per pair.

Sold at all stores, everywhere.

WEINGARTEN BROS., Makers, 34th St. at Broadway, New York

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During the hot Summer days about your cooking problem?

THE NORTHWEST CAFE

Render service "just like home" at a lower cost to you.

We have secured the service of two expert female chefs who have had years of experience in some of the leading families in this city.

We bake our own bread morning and evening.

Electric Fans and Lights
Ice Tea
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Polite and Courteous Attendants

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BEAUTIFUL HAIR

Is not a accident. Care and attention are necessary

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HAIR FOOD IS WHAT YOU NEED TO STIMULATE GROWTH. ERADICATE DANDRUFF, CLEANSE THE SCALP AND MAKE THE HAIR STRAIGHT, SOFT & SILKY. Get a bottle today from your Druggist and note the improvement. Trial size 10c, on sale at all Drug Stores.

SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

The kind that most men wear. Notice the cord back and the front ends. They slide in frictionless tubes and move as you move. You will quickly see why Shirley President Suspenders are comfortable and economical for the working man or business man.

Light, Medium or Extra Heavy Weights—Extra Lengths for Tall Men. Price 50 Cents from your local dealer or by mail from the factory.

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Located in Capital of the Nation. Campus of over 20 acres. Advantages unsurpassed. Modern scientific and general equipment. New Carnegie Library. New science hall. Faculty of over one hundred. 1,382 students from 37 States and to other countries. Unusual opportunities for self-support. No young man or woman of energy or capacity need be deprived of its advantages.

The College of Arts and Sciences.

Devoted to liberal studies. Courses in English, mathematics, Latin, Greek, French, German, physics, chemistry, biology, history, philosophy, and the social sciences, such as are given in the best approved colleges. Sixteen professors. Kelly Miller, A. M., dean.

The Teachers' College.

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The Academy.

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FIRST POST HOUSES.

Established by Cyrus, the Founder of the Persian Empire.

The first posts are said to have originated in the regular couriers established by Cyrus the Great about 550 B. C., who erected post houses throughout the kingdom of Persia. Augustus was the first to introduce this institution among the Romans, 81 B. C., and he was imitated by Charlemagne about 800 A. D. Louis XI. was the first sovereign to establish post houses in France, owing to his eagerness for news, and they were also the first institution of this nature in Europe. This was in 1470, or about 2,000 years after they were started in Persia.

In England in the reign of Edward IV. (1461) riders on post horses went stages of the distance of twenty miles from each other in order to procure the king the earliest intelligence of the events that passed in the course of the war that had arisen with the Scots. A proclamation was issued by Charles I. in 1631 that "whenever to this time there hath been no certain intercourse between the kingdoms of England and Scotland, the king now commands his postmaster of England for foreign parts to settle a running post or two between Edinburgh and London to go thither and come back again in six days."

READ THE BEE.

WILLING TO LEND.

"But, Oh, My Dear, I am So Sorry! My Husband, the Mean Thing, Has Been at My Purse Again."

Men have something to learn from women in the art of warding off "touchers" for coin. Women respond to such requests once in about every thousand cases, but they are scientific in their refusal. A Cleveland woman with a reputation as a borrower turned up at the home of one of her friends the other morning with a pouch done over story about a persistent and threatening dressmaker and the usual request for the loan—"pay it back to-morrow, certain"—of \$5.

"Why, my dear, certainly," was the pleasant response to her carefully rehearsed little yarn, "you poor thing, you! Just wait till I run upstairs and get my purse."

She ran upstairs. The male head of the house happened to be in the room where she kept her purse. He saw her dig the purse out of a chiffonier drawer and deliberately remove a wad of bills from it, leaving about 37 cents in silver and copper in the change receptacle. The man was mean enough to lean over the stair railing when his wife went downstairs to the parlor with her fattened pocketbook in her hand.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, dearie," he heard her say, "but I really thought I had the money. I find, though, that Frank, as usual, has been at my purse—I heard him say something about settling a plumber's bill last night when I was half asleep—and the mean thing has left me only enough for car fare. Too bad! Of course, you know, if I had it"—and so on.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CURIOUS BLUNDERS.

The Anachronisms That Crowded a Once Famous Poem.

The medieval romances are full of blunders, making contemporaries of men who were separated sometimes by hundreds, sometimes by thousands, of years, but as historical criticism had not then a being and the general information of the age was not superior in any particular to that of the novelist their plans do not amount to much from a literary point of view. Such an instance is the case of Ariosto, who might be supposed to know something at least of the truth of history, but whose once famous poem, "Orlando Furioso," is a tissue of historical absurdities from beginning to end.

In this poem Charlemagne and his peers are joined by Edward I. of England, Richard, earl of Warwick; Clarence and the Dukes of York and Gloucester; cannon are employed hundreds of years before the time of Monk Schwartz, and the Moors are represented as established in Spain in spite of the historic fact that 300 years elapsed after the death of Charlemagne before they crossed from Africa. In one place Prester John, who lived 400 years after Charlemagne, and Constantine the Great, who died five centuries before him, are introduced and hold familiar converse with the great Charles, while in another Saladin and Edward the Confessor are joined by the Black Prince.

Audubon and His Hair.

Audubon, the great naturalist, early in his career wore his hair very long. He wrote in his diary one day: "I wear my hair as long as usual. I believe it does as much for me as my paintings." However, in 1827 his friends succeeded in persuading him to get his hair cut according to the prevailing fashion. On March 19 of that year he wrote in his diary: "This day my hair sacrificed and the will of God usurped by the wishes of man. As the barber clipped my locks rapidly it reminded me of the horrible times of the French revolution when the same operation was performed upon all the victims murdered by the guillotine. My heart sank low." Further to express his grief, the margin of the page on which this entry was made he painted black about three-quarters of an inch deep all around.

Still Wondering.

The deaf man got out of the tram car on to the other line of rails.

"Look out! There's a car coming!" cried the conductor.

"What?" said the deaf man.

"There's a car coming."

"What?"

Just then the car caught and knocked down the deaf man, and as he picked himself up he said:

"I wonder what that fool kept me there talking about!"—London Mail.

Just the Opposite.

An Irishman at a fair got poked in the eye with a stick and took proceedings against the offender.

Said the magistrate, "Come, now, you don't really believe he meant to put your eye out."

"Faith, you're right this time," said Pat, "for I believe he tried to put it farther in!"—London Tit-Bits.

The Moral Stimulus of Good Clothes.

Men grow in self respect as they wear good clothes. Their clothes earn them the approval of their fellows. In turn they are forced to grow to fill the measure of good opinion, so that, forced forward by the clothes he wears, men attain to their highest capability.—Sartorial Art Journal.

The Exception.

"Doesn't your husband like cats, Mrs. Binks?"

"No, indeed. He hates all cats except a little kitty they have at his club."—Baltimore American.

My Sympathetic Friend

By SUSAN YOUNG PALMER

My father and mother both died when I was so young that I have no remembrance of them, and I was sent to an orphan asylum. When I was eighteen the matron one morning called me into her room and said to me:

"You have been very useful to us here since you passed out of childhood, but I am expected by the managers to get on without help. You are now old enough to be self supporting and must either work for yourself alone or in a home. I occasionally receive a letter from some man desiring one of our grown girls for a wife. I had one of these letters this morning from a young man in the west, who says that he has a good farm on which he lives alone, and he wishes me to send him some one for a helpmeet whom I can recommend, and he has forwarded letters recommending him. Let me know if you wish the position."

The matron was used to condensing everything she said just as she had spoken these words. She was a good woman, but was so intimately connected with the world's troubles that she could not give much attention to those of any one person. She turned to other duties, and I left her to go to my room to think.

The result of my tearful deliberations was that I was a few days later handed a ticket and what money I would need on the journey and took a train for the west. My leaving was telegraphed to my future husband, who was to meet me at the station, marry me and drive me twenty miles to his farm. I had no money with which to return or go anywhere else in case he should prove disagreeable. Indeed, I felt as though I had been pitched over a precipice.

The train had left Chicago and we were bowling along toward the Mississippi. I noticed a young man sitting near me who was looking at me, I thought sympathetically. I must have shown in my despondency in my face, for his own reflected it or, rather, bespoke commiseration. Presently he came over to me and said, with an encouraging smile:

"You look troubled. Is there anything I can do or say to make you feel happier?"

There was that in his honest face and eyes that invited confidence. I told him my story. He listened to it attentively and respectfully and when I had finished said:

"Has it occurred to you that the man who is to marry you is in the same position with regard to you that you are with regard to him?"

"I never thought of that."

"And do you know that many so called love matches turn out very unhappily?"

"I supposed," I replied, "that it was the forced marriages such as the one I am about to make that are failures."

"There is no truer saying than that marriage is a lottery. I think you have a better chance in yours than those people who, blinded by love, see no fault until a number of them are plainly visible after marriage. Unbiased persons have recommended this man to you and you to him. You both trust to them instead of your own judgment blessed by love. The chances are largely in your favor."

"What you say," I replied, "sounds encouraging, but it seems to me that I would rather begin with love even if I must end with disappointment."

"Spoken like a woman," he rejoined. "And I would rather begin without love and end with love."

What a treasure are these people who have the faculty of lifting the cloud that hangs over us and showing us the sun shining behind. This young man seemed to have only an ordinary education, but any deficiency was made up by common sense. Then, too, it was easy to see that he had a kind heart. He was constantly looking at me out of those sympathetic eyes of his, which said, "Poor child, how I pity you!" He was with me most of the morning and all the afternoon. He soon ceased to talk about my trouble, leading me into other paths, though he told me many instances of persons who had made marriage a matter of business and found it a matter of affection.

My lover—I was certainly thinking the word, mockery that it was—had written that my train would land me in the night at the last principal town on my route, and I was to remain there, taking another train the next morning. When I parted with my newly made friend I relapsed into the same miserable condition as before. But I was tired, and that night, though I went to sleep in tears, I got a fairly good rest. This and a bright morning kept me up the next day till I approached the last station, where I was to meet "my lover," when it was all I could do to resist a temptation to throw myself from the train. I permitted every one to go out before me and wished there were more of them. Then when alone I nerved myself for the ordeal and left the car.

My lover was there waiting for me, extending his hand to assist me down the steps.

A sudden wonder mixed with a wild fluttering of my heart caused me to pause. Was I in a dream or was I waking from sleep? The man waiting to hand me down was my sympathetic friend.

STAR GEM OF CEYLON.

The Asteria Brought Health and Fortune to Its Wearer, Particularly if He Had Been Born in April.

Familiar to some of the ancient writers and credited with supernatural powers, the asteria, or star gem, was highly valued for the benefits supposed to be conferred on the wearer. Its bright six rayed star, ever-changing and shifting with every play of light and especially shooting out its flames in the direct sunlight, would seem to be something more than an ordinary crystal, and to the superstitious mind it could readily be believed to embody some tutelary spirit.

The particular virtue attributed to this gem was the conferring upon the wearer of "health and good fortune" when worn as an amulet, and to those fortunate to be born in the month of April, with which the stone was associated or represented, the wearer was insured from all evil.

The star stone is found principally in Ceylon, invariably in soil peculiar to rubies and sapphires. Indeed, it is composed of the same constituent "corundum," its chatoyant, or star rays, being caused by the pressure of what the natives call "silk." It is found in many different colors, from pale blue, pink and white to deep dark blue, ruby and purple. The blue are termed sapphire stars, the red ruby stars. It is always cut en cabochon, the star dividing into six rays at the apex. It is next in hardness to the diamond.

MARITIME EXPRESSIONS.

Used in a Metaphorical Sense They Are Quite Common.

Maritime expressions used metaphorically are, in fact, very common. We say a couple are "spliced," a young man is the "mainstay" of his family, an intruder "puts his oar in," a man is "hard up," sometimes "taken aback" or has "the wind taken out of his sails," a toper is "slewed," a loafer "spins a yarn," sometimes "tries the other tack," and a ruler "steers the ship of state" through troublesome times.

This last metaphor is extremely ancient, by the way. Horace refers to Rome as a ship at sea, and Plutarch says the Delphic oracle referred to Athens in the same way. A Tamil saying embodies a like metaphor, "The soul is the ship, reason is the helm, the oars are the soul's thoughts, and truth is the port." An old collection of English proverbs contains this one: "The tongue is the rudder of our ship." A Malay maxim says, "The boat which is swamped at sea may be bailed out, but the shipwreck of the affections is final."

Aristophanes, Plautus and others use an expression which comes down to us as an English saw, "To row one way and look another." An old English proverb (614) was, "It is not good to have an oar in every one's boat."

He Sat.

It is related of the Rev. Matthew Clark that in the audience was once a young British military officer whose scarlet uniform far outshone any rival habiliments and so fixed the gaze of the young damsels present that the wearer, enjoying the impression he was making, not only stood through the prayer with the rest, but remained standing after all others had sat down until the pastor had proceeded for some time with his sermon, and at length, noticing a divided attention and its cause, the minister stopped, laid aside his sermon and, addressing his new hearer, said:

"Ye're a braw (brave) lad. Ye ha'e a braw suit of clathes, and we ha'e a' seen them. Ye may sit down."

The lieutenant dropped as if shot.—From the "Autobiography of Horace Greeley."

Snubbed the Composer.

Gustav Mahler had a queer experience in Munich one day for which his name was partly responsible. His new symphony was being rehearsed, and he took advantage of an hour's intermission to get some fresh air. "On returning to the building," says a Munich paper, "he lost his way and tried to reach the hall through a corridor in which plasterers were at work. 'You cannot pass through here,' he was told. 'Pat I am Mahler' (Mahler is the German for painter). 'You look it,' was the unsympathetic reply of the man who blocked his way. 'We are not ready for the painters yet, so run on.' And the composer, realizing that argument would be useless, plunged into the labyrinth and finally reached his destination."

Camels in Arabia.

There are two varieties of camels in use in Arabia, the dromedary and the freight camel. The dromedary is celebrated for their easy riding gait and speed. A dromedary carries about 300 pounds and travels about six miles a day. It can be purchased for 100 to 150 Maria Theresa dollars (\$42.50 to \$63.75). A freight camel carries about 500 pounds and travels about two and a half miles an hour. It costs 300 Maria Theresa dollars (\$127 or more).

Not Idle Curiosity.

Mrs. Wankerknowe—I should like to know, Mr. W., why you are so cross when I ask questions. Surely you don't think I have idle curiosity?

"Great Scott, no! Yours is the most perniciously active, wide awake, sleepless, energetic curiosity it was ever my fate to encounter."

Musical Note.

A newspaper says of a recent operatic performance, "The ladies, the baritone and the bass were good, and so were the tenor's intentions."

A Sacrifice

By ANDREW C. EWING.

I left St. Petersburg in the afternoon. When the guard closed the door of the compartment I was in I noticed a man sitting opposite me give a sigh of relief. Still, he continued to look out the window, as he had been doing, apparently dreading to see something or some one. The train moved out with accelerating motion, and the faster it rolled the more relieved looked my fellow passenger.

Suddenly I heard him give a smothered cry, and, following the direction of his eyes, I saw a man running like a deer to catch the train. The passenger put his head out the window to see the end of the race, drew it in and gasped:

"My God!"

"Did he catch the train?" I asked.

"He jumped on to the footboard of the last car."

"My friend," I said, "I judge that you are a political refugee."

"Why do you think that?" said the man, stiffening up.

"The man who ran to catch the train is a government official. His object is to arrest you."

"Who are you?"

"An American."

"Ah! Americans are our friends. I will tell you. That man, as you say, will arrest me, and I shall be sent to Siberia. Help me!"

"How can I do that?"

"We are not unlike—the same height, both light hair and beard, both wear glasses. Give me your travelling coat and your golf cap and put on these Russian clothes. When the train stops an officer will come here to arrest me. But by that time it will be night. I shall pretend to be asleep in my corner with the collar of your coat pulled up about my face and your cap down over my eyes. You say, with a groan of despair, 'I am caught at last, but I will not live to go to the mines!'"

While they are removing you I shall watch for an opportunity to get away before they discover their mistake."

When the scheme was first proposed to me I had not the remotest idea of perpetrating it. But since it was an hour before the train stopped he had that time to persuade me. I should have yielded, but I was not sure that I would not suffer a long term of imprisonment for interfering in the man's capture. Before we had reached the station he had promised if I would take his place to see that the American minister was made aware of the matter, and as the train slowed down, not being able to resist his pathetic appeals, I adopted his plan.

All happened as he had predicted. As soon as the train stopped the coach door was thrown open and a lantern thrust into the compartment. True to my promise, I cried out in Russian, "I am caught at last, but I will not live to go to the mines!"

I was jerked out of the coach and hurried away. What became of the "political" I did not know. I was taken into the station, given a closer inspection and the deception discovered. By the next train I was taken back to St. Petersburg and thrown into prison.

The next morning I asked for writing materials, which were given me, and wrote a note to the American minister, stating that I was an American citizen in a Russian prison and asking his assistance. The day passed and I heard nothing. A week, a month, went by. I gave up hope and cursed myself for a fool.

One morning a young man came to see me, saying that he was from the embassy. I asked him why he had been so long in taking cognizance of my note. He replied that no note had been received, but the very next day after my arrest the minister had been informed of all that had happened. He had since been trying to get the government to take the matter up. I had been twice moved from one prison to another, and each time the embassy had been informed of my removal. In short, my note to the minister had not been delivered, but some one had been keeping watch over me and informing the minister of my condition.

After another month's hard work the embassy succeeded in securing my release on condition that I leave the country immediately. I was escorted over the line, wondering the while whether I had been a fool or a fine fellow. I had no sooner got beyond the border than a man stepped up to me and said, "I am to take you to the count."

"Thanks, no. I don't want to go to any count. I've had enough of this business."

But he persuaded me and took me to a house where I was received by the man whom I had helped to escape. He rushed forward and gave me a bear hug and kissed me on both cheeks. When his transports had subsided he said:

"I kept my promise. The government tried to lose you, but my friends prevented. After you left me I got out of the car and escaped. I have been here ever since. I am a noble, rich, and half my fortune is yours."

"No," I said. "It feels so good to have made one sacrificial act that you can't pay me for doing it."

But I found it impossible to get rid of the count's gratitude. I went to Paris and had no sooner arrived than a number of Russians called on me. One offered me a box at the opera, another the use of a house. There was nothing I wished for that was not forthcoming.

ATE A WHOLE SHEEP.

This Was Only One of the Gastronomical Feats of Nicholas Wood, a Famous English Glutton.

The following account of a man named Nicholas Wood, famed for his gluttony, was written by John Taylor, the "water poet" of the seventeenth century:

Nicholas Wood was a Kentish yeoman. "Be it known to all men to whom these presents shall come," writes John Taylor, "that I, John Taylor, waterman of St. Saviour's in Southwark, will, with plain truth, bare and unthreadbare, treat of the remarkable actions of Nicholas Wood."

"He hath eaten a whole sheep at one meal; pardon me! I think he left the skin, the wool and bones; and presently after he hath swallowed three pecks of damsons. Two loins of mutton and one loin of veal are but three sprats to him. Once at Sir William St. Ledger's house, so valiant and staunch of teeth he showed himself, that he ate as much as would suffice thirty men, and afterwards he slept eight hours."

"One morning I sent for him to the inn to eat breakfast. He had already eaten one pottle of milk, one pottle of pottage, and bread, butter, and cheese. He gave me thanks and said that if he had known any gentleman would have invited him to breakfast he would have spared his meal at home. Nevertheless he would do me the courtesy to show me some small cast of his office. Whereupon I summoned the hostess and commanded that all the victuals in the house be laid before my guest."

"The inn was slenderly provided, but six-penny loaves were mounted two stories high like a rampart, three six-penny veal pies, one pound of sweet butter, and a number of other dishes were set out, all of which were quickly brought to nothing."

RUBBER OYSTERS.

They Brought Trade and Saved Their Inventor From Failure.

"Rubber oysters laid the foundation of my success," said a millionaire hotel man.

"I had a small saloon in them days, and things looked very black. They looked, in fact, like bankruptcy. So in desperation I cut an old rubber doormat into oyster shaped pieces on April 1 and fried them in egg and breadcrumbs to a tasty brown."

"There was only one man in the bar when I fetched in that dish of smoking rubber oysters. His eyes glittered, and he grabbed a fork, jabbed it into a big fellow and took a hungry bite."

"Seeing the surprised look that spread over his face, I turned away to hide a smile. He gave an awkward laugh and said:

"Them's fine oysters. I'll bring a couple of the boys in to sample them." "Sure enough," he brought two friends a half hour later. The friends no sooner saw the appetizing rubber oysters than, setting down their beer, they each snuk their teeth in one.

"They, too, sent in friends for oysters. I fried up no less than three old doormats and two overshoes that April fool day. The whole town laughed, and the papers printed funny stories about my joke. My joint got real popular."

"In short, I was saved—saved from bankruptcy by rubber oysters."—Washington Post.

A Light on Mothers.

The late William James, Harvard's famous psychologist, would often illuminate a misty subject with an appropriate anecdote. Discussing motherhood in a lecture on psychology, Professor James once said:

"A teacher asked a boy this question in fractions:

"Suppose that your mother baked an apple pie and there were seven of you—the parents and five children. What part of the pie would you get for your portion?"

"A sixth, ma'am," the boy answered. "But there are seven of you," said the teacher. "Don't you know anything about fractions?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy. "I know all about fractions, but I know all about mother too. Mother 'd say she didn't want no pie."

The Misguided Friend.

De Chapple—If there's any one nuisance I hate more than another it's a fellow who is always going around introducing people. There's Goodheart, for instance.

Bouttoun—What's he been doing? De Chapple—The idiot! The other day he introduced me to a man I owed money to, and I'd been owing it so long he'd forgotten all about me. Now I'll have to pay up or be sued.—London Telegraph.

Catching On.

Young Mr. Struckett-Ritch was eating his first meal at a real restaurant. "What are those?" he asked, pointing at the finger bowls the waiter had just brought to the table.

"Those are to wash your fingers in, sir," said the waiter.

"Oh, I know that," rejoined young Struckett-Ritch, with remarkable possession. "I mean are they cut glass?"—Chicago Tribune.

Betty and the Kitten.

Betty is only four and often in her excitement she makes very odd remarks. The other day she cried out, "Oh, mother, there's a dear maltine kitten all curled up in the corner!"

A Feat For Willie.

Teacher—Willie, if you had five eggs in the basket and laid three on the table, how many would you then have? Willie—Eight—Life.

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RETRIBUTION.

Every lynching of a Negro in this country has been swiftly followed by a catastrophe that has snuffed out the lives of many whites. The records will show that for every Negro brutally lynched a dozen and more whites have met death in wrecks, conflagrations or some calamitous happening. Now watch the daily newspapers for a record of death following the barbarous, inhuman burning alive of the Negro Walker at Coatesville, Pa., last Sunday night. As if anticipating this awful crime committed by white men upon a bed-ridden, defenseless Negro, the Pennsylvania "Flyer" jumped a switch near Fort Wayne, Ind., but an hour or two before, and more than thirty white people were either killed or horribly maimed. How true is "I will repay, saith the Lord." Pennsylvania, in which State brotherly love, as exemplified by William Penn, was supposed to be practiced more than in any other State, gave to the world, last Sunday night, an awful story of "man's inhumanity to man." The lynching of the Negro Walker at Coatesville recalls the days of the klu-klux, only to show how more human were the klu-klux clans who terrified and murdered defenseless blacks in the South a decade or more ago. Walker was not unmercifully burned alive by the white mob because of his crime—the killing of a white man. It was because of his color. Instead of paying the penalty of the law for his crime, just because he was a Negro, he was forced to pay the horrible, inhuman price of a mob's vengeance. White mobs who can enjoy the agony of a burning man, who can enjoy his groans, and laugh in glee as the merciless flames they started burn the flesh with sickening odors, are but sowing what must be reaped—hardened conscience, disregard of law and the rule of might instead of right. Galveston's awful flood, in which a city was devastated and hundreds of lives were lost, followed swift on the heels of the lynching of a Negro. And every lynching has been followed soon by a calamity that has sent scores of whites to join some poor ignorant Negro whom a white mob sent to an untimely grave. And "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." Every time a Negro is lynched, it's "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," but it is an All Wise Master who enacts the eye and the tooth, and it's the whites who pay the awful penalty. Retribution follows every crime.

Never Missed an Issue.

(From the Afro-American Ledger.)
"The Bee has never missed an issue for thirty years, and yet it has never offered stock for sale."
All of which is very creditable to be sure, but where would have been the difference? Had it done so it might have been a larger and more profitable concern.
* * *
Oliver Randolph, besides being clerk in one of the departments at Washington, edits the sprightly Washington American. Several weeks ago, Mr. Randolph thought the paper had lived long enough to enjoy public confidence and he proceeded to announce the sale of stock so that needed improvements could be added. His mutual friend, W. Calvin Chase, who for the past thirty years has stung his friends through the columns of the Washington Bee, immediately put a little editorial cold water on his brother editor's plans.
Now, Brother Murphy, will you name one Negro stock company that has ever been a success in this city? It is the duty of The Bee to advise the public and its patrons of concerns that have no backing, but is merely existing. There have been dozens of Negro stock companies organized in this city, banks,

building associations, shoe stores, grocery stores, newspapers, and every other conceivable enterprise. What have become of them? Name one that has succeeded.
The True Reformers' grocery store had a large capital stock behind it and it failed. The Freedman's bank had millions behind it and it failed. The Capital Savings bank had every Negro of any prominence supporting it and it failed. The Eureka bank failed. Now, if these great institutions failed with millions behind them, how can a measly little newspaper with a capital behind it of two monthly salaries of about seventy-five dollars per month each. These two government clerks must live. It takes the best portion of their salaries to keep their paper alive, and that will not do it. How long does a Negro stock company live? Just about long enough for one of the discontented stockholders to imagine that the officers are stealing their money, and then comes the tug of war. The late Colored American was supported by every big Negro in the country, while these same big Negroes opposed The Bee, which was not a stock company. The reason that The Bee is not a stock company is because it supports itself. The Bee has always supported its friends and opposed its enemies. No man can point out one friend The Bee has stung. The Bee is and has always been grateful to its friends and shall ever be.
The Bee doesn't propose to allow any more interlopers to enter this city and say that they intend to organize a stock company without first informing the public that Negro stock companies have been disastrous to the people of Washington. All The Bee asks is for the people to pay what it owes it and The Bee again warns the people to beware of Negro stock companies.

NEGRO OFFICES BARRED?

The Bee deserves to call the attention of the District Commissioners to the discrimination against the appointment of colored men in the Police Department.
Who is to blame?
Has Major Judson, the Engineer Commissioner called to the attention of the President to this political breach of our local government?
Will Major Judson kindly explain the methods used in rejecting colored men from the police department?
Why is the rule of ex-Commissioner West, relative to the appointment of colored men on the police force abrogated? Mr. West saw the importance of this rule. He knew what trouble a colored applicant had to be appointed on the police force, hence he issued an order to the effect that when a colored officer resigned or was removed from the police force his place should be filled by another colored officer if any qualified.
Again, Mr. West didn't stop here. If a colored man was competent and had passed the examination, and a vacancy existed, he was appointed anyway. Mr. West didn't leave the appointment of colored men to the chief of police, because if he had none would have been appointed. The colored citizens are not receiving a square deal in our local government, and they will not until there are a few changes in the Commissioners. Just think of it, no colored men have been appointed on the police force since the retirement of Commissioner West, and not a colored clerk by the present board of Commissioners, and only four in the entire local government.
Let the Commissioners resign. Mr. President, let us have a clean sweep in our local government, because the colored voters are loyal to you.

ET TU BRUTE?

Well! If any one had said two weeks ago that there would be a lynching of a Negro in the State of Pennsylvania, the cradle of liberty, what would the amazement have been? Pennsylvania, the cradle of liberty, permitted her proud name to be disgraced by a mob. The Bee doesn't deny that the colored man committed an unjustifiable offense, but why couldn't the law have taken its course? If the hands of the assassins are raised against a citizen in Pennsylvania in what part of this great country is any man safe, innocent or guilty? Why are laws enacted? They are to protect the innocent against the guilty. Would such crimes be permitted in Great Britain? The iron hand of justice would soon put a stop to such offenses. It is quite evident that the prejudices of the South have permeated the Northern atmosphere. The recent lynching in Coatesville,

Pa., reflects the sentiment of the South. It is only necessary to suspect that a Negro has committed an offense. The mob doesn't wait for a jury to decide his fate. It is quite likely that the recent assault committed upon the two aged couples in Virginia will be laid at the door of some Negro, whether he is innocent or guilty. There is no evidence that a Negro committed the crime. But what does a mob care when it wants the blood of a victim? It is only necessary to suspect some colored man.
The Bee doesn't attempt to defend the guilty that commit crime, but it does advocate fair play until the guilty party has been caught, tried and convicted by a jury. The proud State of Pennsylvania, the cradle of liberty, the State in which the Liberty Bell rung freedom against British tyranny, has today been blackened by a mob.

FOR TAFT.

The Editor of The Bee is for the renomination and election of President Taft, and he wants it to be known that he is a Taft candidate for delegate from this city to the next Republican convention.
There is no reason that a strong Taft delegation should not be elected by the District Republicans and place a strong representative Republican on the National Committee. What the Republicans of this city want is a man on the National Committee on the order of Col. M. M. Parker, who was an honor to the Republican party of this city. There are several strong men from whom a selection may be made, to wit: Mr. Chapin Brown, Dr. A. S. Richardson, ex-Commissioner Macfarland, Mr. John Joy Edison; with a man on the order of one of the foregoing as National Committeeman for the District of Columbia. Ever since the retirement of Col. M. M. Parker, the President has done all that can be done for the country. The people have confidence in him and the country is safe while he continues to be President. The colored voters have no hope under Democratic rule. Of course there are a few exceptions, but these exceptions are overruled by the rank and file of the Democratic party. The advancement of the colored Americans would be retarded under Democratic rule. What have they gained in States where the Democrats are in control? The defeat of Mr. Taft would be a calamity to the country. It is the duty of the colored Americans to stand loyally by the President and hope for the perpetuation of the Republican party.

THE "JIM CROW" NEGRO.

The "Jim Crow" Negro is a curse to the race. What we mean by the "Jim Crow" Negro is, the young Negro of this generation who has not respect for himself or others. The Negro who is loud and boisterous and endeavors to go where he is not wanted, when he has places of his own. The Negro who enters a street car, and makes himself obnoxious to his own people and those of the opposite race that offers him protection and consideration, by not keeping himself clean and show respect to his own females. The Negro who always has a chip upon his shoulder and begs others to knock it off. It is the "Jim Crow" Negro who causes so much contention and disturbance to others who respect themselves. It is the riotous Negro who has not improved by contact with the more refined and educated of the race to which he belongs. There is work for the reformers if they will do it. Instead of building so many large churches, let the pulpit turn its attention in reforming the "Jim Crow" Negro, because he is a curse to the race.

TWO BENEFACTORS.

Speaking of benefactors of the colored race, there are two men in this country who are doing all in their power to uplift the colored Americans. That these two men are doing something there is no doubt. Tuskegee Institute and the National Religious Training School at Durham, N. C., are living monuments as to what is being done by these two great institutions for the colored Americans in this country. Perhaps the day will come when the colored brother will be able to appreciate the work of these two institutions of learning.

INSURGENTS.

The Bee has been creditably informed that there is to be an insurgent ticket put forth in this city in opposition to President Taft. The friends of the President, and those who want him nominated, don't fear the ticket of the insurgents having any effect on the

District Republican voters. The insurgents have nothing to advance but dissatisfaction and disruption. The Bee can see nothing in the insurgents. They are a class of dissatisfied and disorganized individuals.

Some people pay too much for their whistle.

Large vessels may venture, but little boats should keep close to shore.

Believe a woman, or an epitaph, or anything that's false, before you trust in critics.

The horrible lynching at Coatesville, Pa., last Sunday night was one more reminder of race prejudice, and one more impressive reminder of how deplorable it is for Negroes to oppose Negroes

As Webster said in reply to Haynes many years ago, The Bee, and all District colored men and women, can say of Capt. James F. Oyster, he "needs no eulogy." There she stands.

If the National Negro Business Men's League should hold its next annual meeting in Washington, the members will have an opportunity of knowing what real hospitality is. And they will have an opportunity of touching elbows with Washington business men. Come on, we are ready for you.

What is It?

Before the people take any stock in the so-called Lincoln Arcade they had better investigate it. It is quite likely that a petition will be filed for the appointment of a receiver.

The Missouri Girl

The Missouri Girl, which comes to the Howard, is a bright rural comedy that pictures life in the Ozark country in every detail. It has a strong moral, which always leaves a good impression, and bears the proud distinction of having the indorsement of all the leading critics of things theatrical, as well as of the pulpit, throughout the entire country.

The comedy is clean, refined and exceedingly funny, being the kind of fun that you are not ashamed to have your wife, sister, mother or sweetheart see.

Mr. Raymond has equipped the play with the best of accessories, and has spared no expense in making its production one worthy of the patronage accorded it.

The character of "Zeke Dobson" is a most unique conception. Among the many impersonations of the rural type offered to the show-going public there are but a few limited cases where the author ever attempted to portray this interesting character as he is seen in real life. The stage character of the farmer is so thoroughly impressed on our minds that it is almost impossible for us to imagine a rural play without the usual impossible characters that are in many cases the serious drawback to an otherwise good play. "Zeke" is a true portrayal of an honest, bright, intelligent country boy. He says and does only what is natural; his dialect and actions are both peculiar and droll. When in the city he makes ludicrous mistakes and his idea of "city folks" and his remarks about them are extremely comical, but at the same time true to life. The Missouri Girl will be seen at the Howard Theater the week of August 28.

Bob Douglass.

Mr. Robert T. Douglass, who has been under medical treatment of Dr. John R. Francis for several months, is himself again. Our genial Bob, who has been a constant church attendant, is today a happy man. His friends are pleased to know that he is almost himself again.

Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

Atlantic City, Aug. 14.

Dear Readers:
Well I'm here in gay Atlantic City. I've just been dying to get over here, if only for a day. How did I get here? Just like some people before me got here—got chummy with a "ten percent" and he took my note. The note looked good to him, and the fifty simoleons he handed over looked good to me. Don't know how long I'll stay here. You know they come pretty fast down here, and pleasure runs into money. I was down to Fitzgerald's tonight; heard the corks pop and saw them fly from bottles containing a vintage fine. Looked awfully good to me, but I couldn't get into the swim.

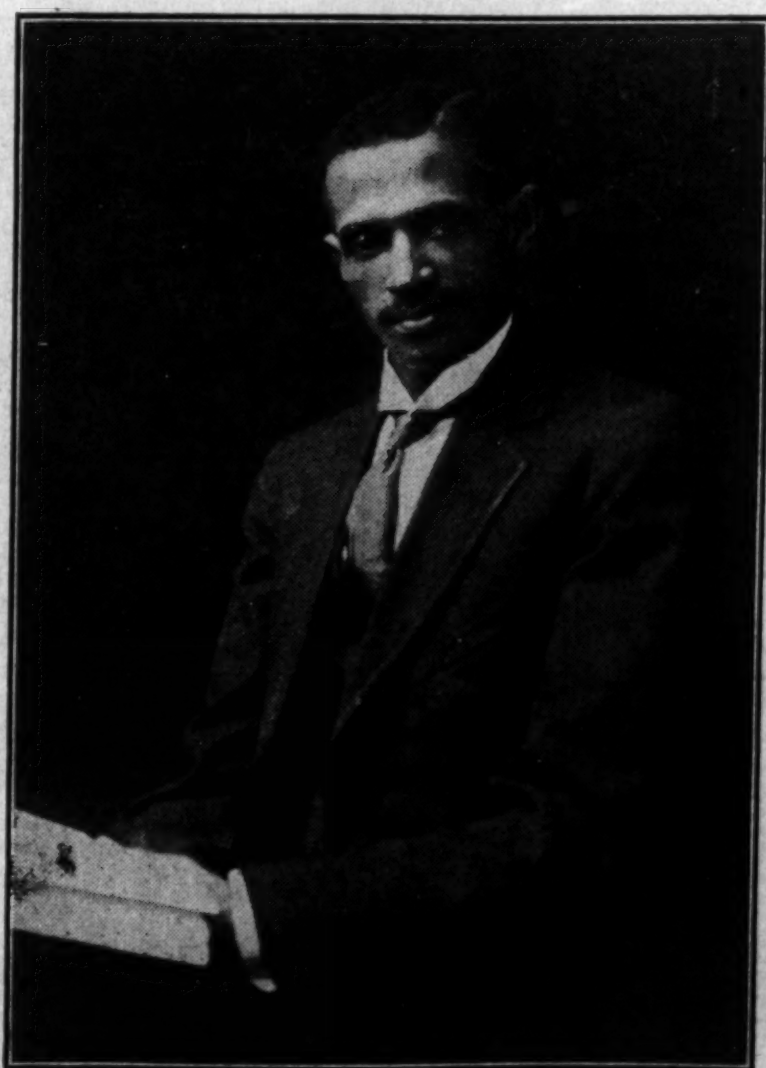
Lots of other teachers down here. Really, I see so many Washingtonians here that I imagine I am on U street in front of Arthur and Amanda Gray's coinage factory. Gee! but it's lively here. Just couldn't resist it a day longer, so had to come. Guess I can stand it for a week—that is, if I don't get into a Pommy Sec crowd over at Fitzgerald's. I've got an appetite for France's output, but my pocketbook will only hold beer money. Can't write much this week, because I am too busy having a dandy time. I've got a nice room—about 5 by 8 feet, just about the size that puts me in the "Hallroom Boys" crowd, but with the throngs here, and coming in on every train, I'm lucky to get this Pullman car drawing room size. I just love Atlantic City. So much life here—so much to make a fellow forget his troubles. I'd like to stay here till school opens, but my money won't stretch till then. After a week here, guess I'll hike to "some sequestered spot, far from the maddening crowd" where I can get a change of air and scene without a boardwalk or a Young's Million Dollar Pier, for about \$3.50 or \$4 per week. Met young John Dancy. He's summing here. My, how much he's getting to be a chip off the old block. Saw Governor Pinchback, too. The old Governor looks fine as silk. He run down from New York to spend Sunday with his wife, who is at the Dr. Terry Cottage. Funny what a difference a few miles makes. For instance, I see Washingtonians over at Fitzgerald's, feminine converse and feminine sole, dancing on the same floor with feminine de chambre and feminine de charge, and yet these same feminines, and masculines, too, when they are in Washington regard the cafes kept by Gaskins, Gray and Costley as elevator shafts to hades, and they wouldn't pokt their nose inside of them. When you get over here you are just on a merry-go-round. Nobody sees, nobody cares, nobody asks questions, and everybody does as everybody do. That's why it's jolly as a country party over here. Needn't look for anything from me next week, because I'm going to enjoy a vacation—get a rest and give you a rest.

Me-o-my! but the water's fine. Wish you could all take a few days off and join me. Ridley's got a gold mine serving Washingtonians alone, and you are awfully hungry when the food arrives. Can't get home-sick so long as the berg is chucked full of Washingtonians.

THE SAGE.



EMMETT J. SCOTT



DR. JAMES E. SHEPARD.

FIRST BATTALION, N. G. D. C.

The First Separate Battalion Infantry, N. G. D. C., Major Arthur Brooks, commanding, has just completed a record on the rifle range of which all of its officers feel proud. The rifle range is located at Congress Heights, D. C., and thither all the National Guardsmen of the District have been going for practice for the past three months, preparing to enter the brigade rifle matches, which were shot on the range July 26, 27 and 28.

To encourage the First Separate Battalion to get its share of practice, the officers offered \$30 in prizes, ranging from \$5 to \$1, for the best scores made. This aroused the keenest rivalry among the men, and also trained their eyes and nerves for the supreme contest—the brigade matches. As a result 18 prizes were won by this battalion in the brigade matches, including two first prizes. This is all the more remarkable when it is recalled that never before has this battalion had more than one-fourth this number of prize winners.

In the novice match, in which there were 15 prizes, there were in all 58 entries. Of these prizes the First Separate Battalion won more than 50 per cent, as follows: Corp. Harry A. Brown, first prize, \$5; Sergt. J. E. Sanford, Sergt. Maj. J. A. Thomas, Privates T. Martin, W. P. Ray, T. B. Harris, W. H. Herring, R. E. Evans. In the enlisted men's match the following are among the winners: Sergt. J. E. Slaughter, Private J. G. Hodges, Sergt. Maj. J. A. Thomas, Private W. P. Ray, Sergt. J. E. Sanford, First Sergt. H. C. Weeden, Private E. B. Smith, in the order named.

In the R. Harris & Co. match, Lieut. John E. Smith won sixth prize with a score of 23 out of a possible 25, and Lieut. W. S. Wormley finished ninth with the same score. There were ten prizes, first prize being won with a score of 24.

In the contest for the brigade medal, an exceptionally high honor, there were 25 entries. This medal, which is of gold, and is held for one year by the winner, was won by Lieut. J. E. Smith, the only contestant from the First Separate Battalion.

Three of the prize winners of this year were members of the battalion team of six which won a prize of \$15 in last year's matches, the first team prize ever won by the battalion. A picture of that team now hangs in battalion headquarters.

NEGRO BUSINESS LEAGUE.

Preparations Being Made for Record-Breaking Session.

Little Rock, Ark., Aug. 1.
With the utmost harmony and good spirits prevailing, the local committee is fast getting everything in shape for what promises to be a record breaking session of the National Negro Business League, which meets in this city August 16, 17 and 18. Added to the harmony that prevails in the local committee, the white people of the city and State are co-operating to an extent, that to say the least is surprising and reassuring.

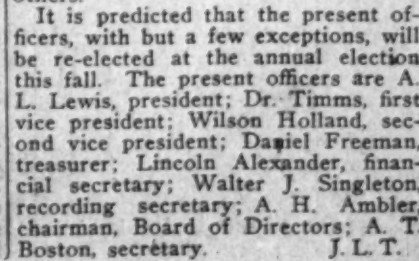
The entertainment committee of the Little Rock Chamber of Commerce has given \$500 in cash for the entertainment of the League, and provided the beautiful Kemper Theater, the most costly in the State, for the place of meeting. Individuals among the white merchants and prominent Negroes all over the State have contributed all the way from \$25 to \$250, and in round numbers the local committee has upwards of \$5,000 for the entertainment of the League. The Grand Lodges, Knights of Pythias, Odd Fellows and Mosaic Templars have each given \$1000.
Homes for more than 3,000 visitors have been secured at the rate of \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day. The local street railway company has offered enough cars to take all the visitors on a sight-seeing trip around the city; a side trip has been arranged to wonderful Hot Springs of Arkansas, and several important social functions have been arranged by the ladies of the city. The banquet will, of course, conclude Business League festivities. Forest Park, one of the most extensive amusement parks in the Southwest, has been tendered by the management to the local committee for the accommodation of the visitors.

For the accommodation of the auxiliary bodies, meeting in conjunction with the League, the local committee has arranged the following meeting places: National Press Association, Presbyterian Church, Ninth and Broadway; National Undertakers, Philader Smith College; National Bankers' Association, Odd Fellows' Hall, Ninth and Broadway; National Bar Association, U. S. District Court-house.

Any information with reference to local arrangements can be had of J. E. Bush, Chairman of the local committee; J. A. Hibbler, Secretary, or William Alexander, Chairman of the Committee on Homes; H. H. Garner, Superintendent of City Delivery, Dr. J. A. Thornton, Chairman of the Executive Committee, Dr. W. O. Foster, President of the Local and State League and Fourth Vice President of the National League, together with various members of the local committee are working hard to make this meeting, from a local standpoint, the best yet given.

Masonic Notes.

Noble C. D. Freeman, P. Q. Imp. Potentate, has been in Boston during the past week and will stop off at Atlantic City on his return, in the interest of entertaining Mecco Temple, to be held in September, during the annual session of the Imperial Council. Much work is to be done in all the departments, beginning the first meetings in September, as many petitions have been carried over from July, as the weather was too warm to work degrees. Com. George W. Robinson, of Mt. Calvary Commandery No. 4, expects to give the members of the commandery an outing at his beautiful country home, 60th and C Streets Northeast, during the early part of September.



MME. T. D. PERKINS SCIENTIFIC SCALP SPECIALIST

4630 West 35th Avenue, Denver, Colo.



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Woman, Stop, Wait, Listen, Read

Madam T. D. Perkins, of Denver, Colo., who has spent five years in study of the scalp, is now interesting women all over the globe in the care of the hair and scalp. No matter how dark your skin is, Madam Perkins' matchless scalp preparations and scientific method of treatment for cultivating, beautifying and growing the hair will grow your hair if there is no physical ailment to prevent. Her treatments have been successful where all others have failed. Have you written her? If not, and you want hair like her own, write her today. Be sure to enclose a 4-cent stamp and write your name and address very plain if you expect a reply. Don't write unless you mean business.

If a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her.—I Cor. 11:15.

Every Woman Can Have That Glory If She Wishes It.

This is for you. No more ironed hair, but soft, long, beautiful hair that need not be put on the dresser on retiring. Do you want this kind of hair? If so, write for particulars to Madam T. D. Perkins, the Scientific Scalp Specialist of Denver, Colo., who is astonishing the world with her wonderful art of growing hair.

My own hair is my best advertisement. With these treatments my hair grew 17 inches in two years. It had remained one length (four inches) for 15 years. What I did for my hair I am doing for hundreds of others, and will do for you with my Matchless Scientific Scalp Preparations. My treatment stops falling hair or breaking off, cures split ends, removes dandruff and scalp scurf, causes the hair to grow long, no matter how short; soft, no matter how harsh; thick, no matter how thin; straight from the bulbs, no matter how kinky. First treatment will show wonderful improvement. Do not wait if you are interested in your hair. I give treatments all over the United States by mail. Write me at once. I send booklet of INFORMATION, and testimonials of those taking my treatments when 4-cent stamp is enclosed. I do not have agents. I need a personal history of your hair and scalp and your physical condition.

All mail promptly answered when 4-cent stamp is enclosed. I am the only woman of the race growing hair today who can show the public the real length my hair was when I first began treating it. Send for booklet if you mean business. You can secure these preparations from me. None like them made in the world. The T. D. P. Scientific Scalp Preparation, Madam Perkins, sole agent.

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NATIONAL NEGRO BUSINESS LEAGUE.

To the Members of the National Negro Business League and Their Friends:

There are few, if any, more important gatherings that take place during the year among our people than that of the National Negro Business League. This year the national body assembles at Little Rock on August 16, 17 and 18.

The time has come when throughout the country we must seriously consider the opportunities that are before us for getting property and for the development of business enterprises. This kind of development must go hand in hand with educa-

tional and religious growth. If we do not as a race thoroughly plant ourselves on the foundation of property and business during this generation, it will become increasingly difficult for this to be done as the years go by.

The program as outlined by the Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Emmett J. Scott, for the Little Rock meeting, is an attractive and instructive one. Some of the strongest men and women of our race will be present and take part in the meeting. In reality it will be a great national coming together of the strongest forces of the race from all parts of the United States. No person who can possibly do so should fail to be present. Every man and woman engaged in business will find this an excellent opportunity to get acquainted with other persons engaged in the same line of endeavor. They will get many suggestions that will enable them to improve their present businesses. Many young men and women who have not hitherto entered the world of business will find this opportunity to secure suggestions as well as encouragement that will enable them to wisely begin a business career.

W. L. Houston, Justice of the Odd Aside from these considerations, every man owes it to himself as well as his family to take a few days of rest during the summer, to take an outing, to have a vacation. I urge not only that our friends come, but that they bring their wives. Aside from the program which the Secretary has arranged, the local committee at Little Rock has spared no pains to make the stay of all delegates and friends in Little Rock attractive from a social point of view. There are many entertainments now planned, including a trip to Hot Springs. We are sparing no effort to make this the largest and most important meeting that the League has ever held.

A special effort is being made in different parts of the country to get Pullman or Tourist car parties. For example, arrangements are being perfected whereby special Pullman cars will take the Alabama, the Louisiana, the Texas, the Illinois, and combined, the Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio delegations to Little Rock. I very much hope the same plan will be followed by other States.

One other attractive and important feature will be that Oklahoma is to have a special day to be known as Oklahoma Day. Few of our people realize to what extent the col-

ored people of Oklahoma are making progress. We doubtless shall have a very large delegation from that new State.

Those expecting to attend the meeting should correspond at once with Mr. W. M. Alexander, chairman, Committee on Homes, 504 1-2 West Ninth Street, Little Rock, Arkansas, in order that they may have boarding places assigned to them before they get to Little Rock.

Booker T. Washington, Pres.
National Negro Business League
Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

Dying to Order.

Dying to order is one of the most sacred customs of the American Indian. Many years ago Standing Elk went to Major James McLaughlin, the author of "My Friend the Indian," and said, "Father, my wife will die today, and she wants a coffin from you."

The major asked him what the ailment was, and he replied:

"Just nothing but that she heard the ghosts calling and must go."

Somebody had told her, it turned out, that she was sick, so she had painted for death, and all her relatives had gathered about to bewitch her—and incidentally divide her property as soon as she was dead. There was no use in the major's arguing about it, so he had the coffin made.

In many cases those "painted for death" are actually bullied into dying, but Mrs. Standing Elk was still so vigorous. Finally in despair she carried the coffin into the house on her own shoulders, and several years later the major saw it still standing on end in her house. She had been fitted into it, and it was doing duty as a cupboard.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

MADAM McNAIRDEE, The Talented Clairvoyant.

The gifted clairvoyant, the great female wonder, born with the double (caul) veil. She is one of the old ancient Southern clairvoyants of New Orleans. She is a living phrenologist and physiognomist. She tells plainly what you are adapted for in life by reading your brain and mind. With a grasp of her hand she gives you a course of influence to enable you to overcome all bad luck. She has made thousands of homes happy. Read the fifth chapter, 9th verse of St. Matthew: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." She reunites the separated, makes peace where there is confusion. Your husband or wife or sweetheart will never forsake you, but will love you and marry you sooner if you will only heed this lady's counsel.

Read what several ladies of your city say. "Yes, we believe her a Goddess to us. My husband and I separated over a year ago, and just think, since I called on this lady, he returned to me. We are together and happy. This young lady says: 'The one I refused to call or write me, called on this lady and we are now engaged.' You can't afford to miss consulting this gifted lady. She is gifted to read characters. She challenges the world to excel her advice on love, losses, business, family and financial troubles. Reunites the separated, causes speedy marriages with one of your choice. No cards allowed in her place of business. No one's ill wishes filled; strictly a Christian lady, and depends entirely on her heavenly gift. If you are painful or ailing, think you have been witchcraft, go to see her. She spent thirty years in the jungles of Africa and has traveled through thirty-four States, doing good wherever she went. Read St. John, 9th chapter, 33d verse: 'If this man is not of God, he could do nothing.' 'I for one, as one in the midst, my heart ached from the cruel treatment of my husband and the way he would throw away his time and money, until I consulted this wonderful lady. It will soon be a year. Through her he has been a loving husband, and today he presents me with a lovely lot on which he will build a home. Tongue can't praise her too highly.' Thousands are flocking to see this wonderful lady daily. Her powerful consultation when heeded has sent sunshine to the homes of all who called. Don't put off, but call at once, if you wish to enjoy future happiness. Don't delay. Highly indorsed by all the press, teachers, preachers, lawyers and doctors, and come well recommended by four of the leading lodges, the S. M. T., United Order of True Reformers, also the Calanhan Court. The church society of her home, known by the name of United Sisters of Charity of the Missionary Church, and loved by all. God has endowed her with an unspeakable blessing to aid humanity. She deals in nothing but what is true. She is not to be ashamed of.

She wants to hear from all that are in trouble or distress. Address



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ATHLETICS Versus LEARNING

Story of a Twirler and Tackler

By HUDSON C. EASTON

"Johnny," said Peter Weatherbee to his son when his boy left him in the mountains of Colorado to go east to college, "I want you to study your larnin' hard and don't give too much of your time to those games the boys play at college. Out here when an educated young man onct gets a start he can top those who haven't the education. Now study hard and let the other things go."

When Johnny returned four years later his father was very much disappointed in his record. He had taken no honors, stood near the foot of his class, but was the athletic hero of the season. As a twirler he could send a ball that few could hit; as a tackler no man could get past him. Johnny's father was owner and editor of the Rocky Mountain Globe. But the paper during Johnny's sojourn at college had been running down. A rough element had come into the town, which had started with fine prospects, and so disturbed the condition of things that the better people were leaving, while no new respectable settlers were coming in.

"Father," said Johnny, "it seems to me that it's the duty of an editor to make it hot for evil wherever his paper is located."

"And get shot for doing it."

"Better be shot than let the other fellow take the bread and butter away from you. If the town dies our paper dies."

Peter Weatherbee consented that his son should write articles against the evil disposed, thus awakening the better class of citizens against them. Johnny began by inveighing against the indiscriminate carrying of weapons. Then he attacked certain men who ran gambling houses, with others who made offices of the said resorts.

"Johnny," said his father, "seems to me you've weakened yourself. You can't carry a revolver since you've come down on the practice, and these men you've been larrupin' 'll shoot you down like a dog."

"They won't go for me, father. I'm only an understrapper. They'll go for you, at least till they find out that I'm the man that's after them."

The next morning Johnny put his desk in a room through which all must go to his father's office. He had hardly got settled when one of the parties attacked in that day's issue of the paper came up the stairs.

"Where's old Weatherbee?" he asked. "I'm goin' to kill the!"

"In there," interrupted Johnny.

The man was opening the door when Johnny tackled him from behind, pulled him to the landing and threw him down to the first floor, two flights below. He was not killed outright, but died in a hospital the next day.

"So much for my football training, father," said Johnny. "By and by I'll try some other athletic features I learned at college."

Johnny sat down to write some more articles attacking other rascals. Over his desk was a rosewood baseball inlaid with gold which Johnny had won in college as a trophy. When he was rallied on his defenselessness he said he could use that far better than a revolver. During the morning he heard a quick footstep at the other end of the hall. There's lots in a step. Johnny knew at once what this one meant. Seizing his wooden ball, he went to the door. Some fifty feet away a man he recognized as a pal of the one he had thrown downstairs was coming with blood in his eyes as well as his step. Johnny twirled his trophy ball, landing it in the right eye of the comer and relieving it of all the blood there was in it.

The man didn't come any farther. Indeed, he was taken to his home, where a doctor pronounced his case a fracture of the frontal bone. He died in a few days.

These two novel encounters encouraged the good citizens and somewhat shamed the bad ones. An athletic gambler vowed he would take Johnny on his own ground. Meeting Johnny on the street, he suddenly tackled him with his right arm and began to rain blows on his face with his left fist. But Johnny had been thus held often before. He wriggled out like an eel and landed a blow on his opponent's mug that capsize him. The man started to run. Johnny followed him, every now and then getting in a kick. At last, after having several times served as Johnny's football, the man gave out and could go no farther.

Those who saw the last kick the gambler received differed as to the distance Johnny sent him. Some said it was ten feet, some fifteen, and one man, who claimed to have measured the distance with a tape line, declared that it was just nineteen feet and four inches.

The man suffered from a broken coccyx, which is the end of the backbone. This being the third man that Johnny had put "out of the fight," a number of citizens called on him and told him that they would see him through what else might be in store for him. Johnny said to them:

"While at college I prepared myself for my beginning here. But I reckon that, having got rid of the three worst men in the town, the others will be cowed."

And so it proved. Johnny, having paved the way for his usefulness, rose rapidly in the esteem of his fellow citizens and is now one of the prominent men of the state.

PLATINIZED GLASS.

Does Not Lose Its Transparency, but It Produces an Odd and Tricky Kind of Mirror.

Platinized glass consists of a piece of glass coated with an exceedingly thin layer of a liquid charged with platinum and then raised to a red heat. The platinum becomes united to the glass in such a way as to form an odd kind of mirror.

The glass has not really lost its transparency, and yet if one places it against a wall and looks at it he sees his image as in an ordinary looking glass. But when light is allowed to come through the glass from the other side, as when it is placed in a window, it appears perfectly transparent, like ordinary glass.

By constructing a window of platinized glass one could stand close behind the panes in an unilluminated room and behold clearly everything going on outside, while passersby looking at the window would behold only a fine mirror or set of mirrors in which their own figures would be reflected while the person inside remained invisible.

In France various tricks have been contrived with the aid of this glass. In one a person seeing what appears to be an ordinary mirror approaches it to gaze upon himself. A sudden change in the mechanism sends light through the glass from the back, whereupon it instantly becomes transparent, and the startled spectator finds himself confronted by some grotesque figure that had been hidden behind the glass.—Harper's Weekly.

ORIGIN OF LLOYD'S.

Humble Beginning of Europe's Great Maritime Agency.

Two centuries ago a man who had a cargo to send to the Mediterranean contrived to get rid of some of the risk by inducing a friend to take an interest with him. It was necessary to write out a statement of contract to which the guarantors subscribed. This was the first underwriting. These two men happened to be frequenters of Lloyd's coffee house in London, which was a favorite place for the merchants of the town to gather to discuss business or to gossip.

Others immediately saw the advantage of the scheme which their colleagues had devised, and on the next voyage the risk was parceled out among a larger number of the patrons of the coffee house.

Out of this small beginning has grown the great European maritime agency, still bearing the name of the humble coffee house proprietor, and which not only writes risks on vessels, but rates them and publishes their arrivals at every port the world over, no matter how small or how remote, among a larger number of the patrons of the coffee house.

Where Abraham Fished.

Mrs. Victoria de Bunsen in "The Soul of a Turk" relates a legend concerning Abraham which will be new to many readers. She learned of it while at Edessa, the traditional Ur of the Chaldees. She was shown there a large oblong tank of water so filled with fishes resting just below the surface of the water that their fins and backs seemed almost wedged together so as to form "an almost solid layer of silvery life."

"The guardian of the mosque throws some meal into the water, and the fish jump high to catch it, a great living pyramid, of which those which jump the highest form the pinnacle. The tradition is that Abraham as a child fished in the tank; hence the fish were considered sacred. No single one has been caught or killed to this day. Indeed, death would overtake the man who transgressed this law."

Protection From Lightning.

Sir Oliver Lodge stated that the problem of securing protection from lightning consisted in finding the best method of dissipating the enormous energy of the flash, but that it was not wise to get rid of the energy too quickly. A thin iron wire is considered the best lightning conductor from the electrical point of view, but it is almost impossible to protect a building from lightning unless it is completely enveloped in a metal cage. It is by no means true that a building is safe when provided with a conductor reaching up to the highest part of the building.

The Origin of Grocer.

Grocer appears in Holinshed's Chronicle, 1580, as "grosser," and in other mediaeval records it is sometimes written "engrosser" and was applied to the spicers and peppers who were wholesale dealers in various spices—that is, who dealt in gross—in large quantities, as distinguished from "retailers," who were retail dealers. The Grocers' company first adopted the word grocer in 1373, when the spicers and peppers allied themselves into a single corporation.—London Express.

A Useless Question.

"They have named the baby after Uncle Belshazzar."

"Has Uncle Belshazzar money?"

"Do you suppose they liked the name?"—Pittsburg Post.

Cruel.

Mrs. Benham—Every time I stng to the baby he cries. Benham—He gets his ability as a musical critic from my side of the house.—New York Press.

Prosperity demands of us more prudence and moderation than adversity.

A Legend

By F. TOWNSEND SMITH

When I was abroad last summer I visited a German American friend of mine who had got rich in America making beer and with the proceeds bought one of those ruined castles on the Rhine, repaired it and spent his summers there. We were sitting one afternoon in a room facing the west. The weather being warm, the blinds were closed to keep out the sun. Seeing what I supposed to be a silver coin on the floor, I arose, went to it and was about to pick it up when I saw that it was one of those little round sun images that will come through a chink. Shuster, my host, laughed at me and said:

"That reminds me of a legend about this castle. It was formerly owned by Baron Hugner. The story goes that the baron was a great gambler. When he succeeded to the castle a lot of money went with it. You see, it lies on one of two hills, and a road has always led between them down to the river. This road was frequented by merchants who took goods down to the Rhine for shipment by water. When the baron saw a party of them in the distance he had only to swoop down on them, levy a tribute of some 25 to 50 per cent of the value of their goods for toll, and there you are."

"This baron I was telling you about—Hubert Hugner was his name—inherited the property just about the time that people got virtuous, and it wasn't considered any more the way for a nobleman to rob. He did it after this by serving the sovereign, and when his king pounced upon a state or a duchy or something like that the baron got a slice."

"Well, as I was saying, Baron Hugner was rich, a gambler and withal virtuous. He gambled all day, and he gambled all night. Now, the legend has it that the devil had for centuries been interested in the wealth the baron had extorted from the merchants and wanted his share. But he didn't want it in money. He has no use for material, only spiritual things. What he wanted for his share of the plunder was a soul, and the soul he had set his villainous heart on was Baron Hubert Hugner."

"The way the devil managed to get a hold on the baron was through his passion for play. Whenever Hugner gambled the devil stood behind him and so influenced him to make his bets that gradually every bit of the gold that the Hugners had for centuries taken from the merchants went by the board. Then one day when the baron had lost it all the devil came into the room disguised as a Jew and told him that he would discount his note for a large sum without either security or interest. When Hugner came to find out what the devil wanted in lieu of security and interest it was the usual thing Satan hungers for—his soul."

"The transaction was completed, the consideration—the soul—to be delivered six months after date without grace. The baron was furnished with a thousand pieces of gold, with which he went on gambling and gradually recovered all he had lost, getting his financial affairs into a satisfactory condition a few days before his note came due."

"The night before Hugner's soul was to be delivered the baron had a dream. He dreamed that an angel appeared to him and said: 'Tomorrow Satan will claim your soul in lieu of his interest in the plunder exacted in the past by your ancestors from merchants. It is not meet that he should reap this benefit. Tomorrow when he comes for you tell him that you can win money from him without even a piece of money so big as a head of a pin. He will demur to that. Then offer to bet him the soul of your oldest son that you can do what you have said.'"

"When the baron awoke it seemed that he had really seen the angel and received the advice. Hugner was scarcely out of bed before a stranger called and asked to see him. The baron recognized at once the fiend who had called for his soul. With a faint hope he obeyed the instructions of his dream. The devil accepted the challenge, and they sat down before a board used on that day something like taro. The devil dealt and, seeing what he thought was a silver coin on the green, turned up a card that won. Without examining the coin he threw the baron one of equal value."

"I would respectfully call your attention," said the baron, "to the fact that what you thought was a coin is only a round sun spot coming in through a chink in the window blind."

"Upon my word," said the devil, "I believe you are right."

"I think we are quits," pursued the baron, "and my soul is my own."

"The devil answered never a word, but got up from the table, went out of the door and never returned. But that night he sent a fierce storm of lightning and hail that partly destroyed the castle, and it had never been occupied till I came here myself."

My host assured me that all of the people at the foot of the Schloss knew of this legend and that most of them believed it.

It is these legends that make the ruins of German castles more interesting than they would be were they mere piles of stone and mortar. I spent quite awhile with my friend the baron, and my fascination for his home steadily grew till my departure.

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House and Herrman. The 134th anniversary of the birth of the Stars and Stripes was observed by the Government departments, patriotic societies and schools throughout the District last Wednesday.

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A BRAVE REGIMENT.

From the Cleveland Leader, July 25. Few regiments, says the New York Evening Post, have a better record for heroism than the Twenty-fourth Infantry, colored. During the war in Cuba, the colonel of this regiment was ordered to detail sixty men to replace as many nurses who had contracted yellow fever in the quarantine hospital.

The colonel, recognizing the peculiar work to be performed by his men who would go to the yellow-fever camps, ordered out his regiment in line and said to them: "Soldiers of the Twenty-fourth, I

Luck Did It

By RUTH GRAHAM

Johnny O'Neil and Kitty Bowers were two young things who loved each other and wished to marry. But Johnny, who was but twenty years old, had nothing laid up, and Kitty's father didn't purpose to support his daughter and her husband too. So he forbade the match. Philip Bowers was a farmer who prided himself on having made himself comfortable by hard work and good judgment.

"You've got to begin," he said to his would-be son-in-law, "the way I began. I was a farm hand, and of every dollar I earned I saved a half. When I got a small lump together I loaned it at a big interest till I'd got enough together to buy this farm, part cash and part mortgage. I had to live close to pay the mortgage, but I did it, and now I'm prosperous."

"Didn't luck have anything to do with it?" asked Johnny.

"Not a bit. Never had any luck in my life. What I've got I've made in spite of luck."

Johnny asked Kit to meet him out on a projecting corner of her father's farm to talk matters over. They chose this spot because it was far from the house and they were not liable to interruption there. It was an unproductive piece of ground that had been tacked on to the farm in order to sell it.

Johnny and Kit looked at the situation and saw no comfort in it. John had no one to help him, and Kit knew her father too well to expect any help from him.

There was not \$20 to be scraped together between the two. Kit said she would wait, but John, who was an impatient fellow, didn't wish to wait. He said that to go about the problem of life as Mr. Bowers proposed would be impossible to a man of his disposition. He told Kit that he would go out into the world and do what he could. She could wait for him or not, as she chose. If he had any luck he would come back and claim her; if not, she might marry some one else in case she got a good offer.

Kit bade him goodbye with streaming eyes and went home, while he stood looking after her. When she reached a point where she would pass from his view she turned, threw him a kiss, which he returned, and then she disappeared.

The only consolation Johnny had was his pipe. He took it out of his pocket, filled it and sat down on the ground for a smoke. It was one of those warm sultry days that sometimes come just before the collapse of summer. Johnny sank lower and lower on the ground till at last he was sprawled at full length. Then he turned on his side with his nose not two inches above the earth.

"Some one," he said to himself, "must have spilled kerosene here. I can smell it." He put his nose flat down on the surface and sniffed. The odor was unmistakable. He moved a short distance, sniffed again and got the same odor. After testing several locations he found that the odor was strongest where he had first smelled it, but it was so scattered that it could not have come from the overturning of a can of kerosene. Johnny had discovered coal oil on Mr. Bower's ground.

That night he returned with a spade and dug a hole where he had first detected the odor. The deeper he dug the more perceptible the odor. When he was satisfied he filled the hole, obliterated the marks of it and went away.

A few days later Farmer Griggs, owning land adjoining the Bowers farm, dickered with Bowers for the corner of the farm on which John and Kitty had parted and bought it for a song. It was decided to Griggs, who decided it to John O'Neil and a man he had induced to advance the money for his purchase. One morning Mr. Bowers saw preparations for boring on the property he had sold. He was much interested. All day he could hear the noise of the boring. Then there was a stopping of the work for two months, at the end of which time it was recommenced. After several of these stops, covering a period of nearly a year, Mr. Bowers heard something that astonished him. Rushing out to where the men were boring, he saw a stream of oil shooting up toward the sky.

Bowers was much disgruntled that some one had discovered oil on his property and had got it from him for a paltry sum. He tried to find out who were the lucky parties, but failed. Meanwhile the Eagle Oil company was organized, but the well was soon sold out to the Universal Oil company and was merged into its extensive properties.

One day Johnny O'Neil appeared at the Bowers farm dressed in city clothes and with all appearance of prosperity. Indeed, he drove up in a \$7,500 automobile. He said he came for Kitty and after a showing of his assets to her father had no difficulty in getting her. Just before the young man's departure Mr. Bowers asked: "How did you do it, Johnny?"

"Luck," replied Johnny as he was whirling away.

After Johnny and Kit were married, Mr. Bowers made another attempt to discover how Johnny had made his fortune. He received no more explicit reply than before. John knew the old man would never forgive him for getting the better of him.

THE VEILED PROPHET.

Was Most Noted Impostor of the Middle Ages, Duping His Followers by the Art of Jugglery.

The celebrated "Veiled Prophet" of history was a Moslem fanatic whose real name was Haken Ibn Hashem. He was born about the middle of the eighth century and became the most noted impostor of the middle ages. He pretended that he was an embodiment of the spirit of the "living God" and, being very proficient in jugglery (which the ignorant mistook for power to work miracles), soon drew an immense number of followers around him. He always wore a gold mask, claiming that he did so to protect the mortals of this earth, who, he said, could not look upon his face and live.

At last, after thousands had quitted the city and even left the employ of the Caliph al Mohdi to join the fanatical movement, an army was sent against the "Veiled Prophet," forcing him to flee for safety to the castle at Kesh, north of the Oxus. Finally, when ultimate defeat was certain, the prophet killed and burned his whole family and then threw himself into the flames, being entirely consumed, except his hair, which was kept in a museum at Bagdad until the time of the crusades. He promised his faithful followers that he would reappear to them in the future dressed in white and riding a white horse.

WANTED HIS PAY.

The Husky Jamaican Didn't Care to Work For Nothing.

An English naval officer tells of being on a war vessel which took provisions to St. Kitts, one of the British West India Islands. A hurricane had left many of the inhabitants in a destitute or even starving condition. Hungry crowds gathered at the wharf, but refused to help unload the food that was to be given to them unless paid for their work.

A similar story sheds light on the Jamaican negro. Some years ago a hurricane devastated the island, and a large relief sum was raised, much of it in England and the United States. The committee having charge of this fund sent a wagon load of lumber to a husky black man whose house had been scattered over the parish. He and his family were living in a rude shack, made out of odds and ends.

"What's that for?" he asked of the men who were unloading the material in front of his patch of ground.

"That's for your new house," was the reply. "It's from the relief fund and won't cost you anything."

"Who's goin' to build mah house?"

"You are, if anybody does."

"Who's goin' to pay me fur mah work?"—Waynesboro Record.

An Old Garret on a Stormy Day.

I know no nobler forage ground for a romantic, venturesome, mischievous boy than the garret of an old family mansion on a day of storm. It is a perfect field of chivalry. The heavy rafters and dashing rain, the piles of spare mattresses to carouse upon, the big trunks to hide in, the old white coats and hats hanging in obscure corners like ghosts, are great! And it is so far away from the old lady who keeps rule in the nursery that there is no possible risk of a scolding for twisting off the fringe of a rug. There is no baby in the garret to wake up. There is no "company" in the garret to be disturbed by the noise. There is no crochety old uncle or grandma, with their everlasting "Boys, boys!" and then a look of horror.—Donald G. Mitchell.

Jack Sheppard as a Text.

Jack Sheppard had a great hold upon the imagination of the people of his time. The fact that 200,000 people witnessed his execution at Tyburn on Nov. 18, 1724, "upon the tree that bears twelve times a year" is some witness to his grim popularity. But one of the strangest tributes ever paid him was the sermon preached upon him in a London church.

"Oh, that ye were all like Jack Sheppard!" began the preacher, to the stupefaction of his congregation. He went on to draw a parallel between things of the flesh and those of the soul and to point out that the genius shown in housebreaking might have been bestowed upon "picking the locks of the heart with the nail of repentance."—London Standard.

Sure on One Point.

"Do you believe that great wealth has a tendency to keep a man out of heaven?" queried the party who was addicted to the conundrum habit.

"I am not prepared to express an opinion on that subject," answered the student of human nature. "But I know that great wealth has kept many a man out of the penitentiary."—Chicago News.

Mark Twain's Definitions.

It is told of Mark Twain that during a conversation with a young lady of his acquaintance he had occasion to mention the word drydock.

"What is a drydock, Mr. Clemens?" she asked.

"A thirsty physician," replied the humorist.

Stuttered Out the Child's Name.

Flannery—it seems his full name is Dennis K. K. Casey. What's all this K's for? Finnegan—Nothin'. 'Twas the fault of his godfather stutterin' when he tried to say "Dennis Casey."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sooner or later the world comes around to see the truth and do the right.—Hilal.

A Man In a Million

By M. QUAD

[Copyright, 1919, by Associated Literary Press.]

Joseph Skater was in the lightning rod business. He could talk lightning for half an hour with only four intervals for breath.

When Mr. Slater got the job of rodding a building he proceeded to cheat and lie. He would cheat as to the amount of the material used, and he would lie about the protection that might be expected. He started in a poor man, and he got rich by lying and cheating. Never for a moment did his conscience trouble him. He sang as he drove his wagon around the country, and he whistled as he worked away on the roof of house or barn.

On one of his happy jaunts around the country Mr. Skater discovered a widow. He discovered forty of them, for that matter, but this was a particular widow. She wasn't so very old, but she was so homely as to be startling. He had seen tens of thousands of women, but never one to compete with the Widow Allbright. She knew she was homely, and she owned up to it, and that was also something Mr. Skater had never heard of before. She had a daughter eight years old, and the girl was even homelier than the mother.

"How did your husband come to marry you?" asked the lightning man in a voice tinged with sympathy.

"He was a little bit daft from birth," was the reply.

"You have a very tidy little farm here?"

"Yes. Widowers and old bachelors come and look the farm over, but when they come to see me and Anna they hurry away."

"Mrs. Allbright, I shall take your case under advisement. You are not to blame for your looks. The homely people ought to have a fair deal. I shall try to get you one."

It was curious that such a selfish man as Mr. Skater should think of the interests of any one else, but as he went his way the matter bothered him. He kept thinking and thinking, and it was two weeks before he came that way again and said:

"Widow, you have a creek on your farm. It rises from a spring in a marsh. You know what petroleum is, of course. Petroleum is going to be found in the marsh and creek."

"But I have never seen any there," she replied.

"Because the psychological moment had not arrived. It will arrive in three or four days. Three or four days later than that men will arrive—various sorts of men. Would you care for riches?"

"No-o-o."

"Just so. You want some one to love you and call you pet names, eh? Just want to stay right here and take comfort? A wise decision."

"I didn't say I wanted to get married again," protested the widow.

"No, no, but none of us can afford to miss a good thing in this world. Love is greater than riches. Mrs. Allbright, you may be offered \$5,000 for this farm, which is worth about \$2,000."

"Then I'll take it."

"Then don't you do anything of the kind. There will be an offer of marriage. What you want to do is to accept that. You want to be petted. That girl wants a father. A husband and father is worth more than \$5,000. No sale, remember. A husband or nothing."

"But how is the petroleum going to get into the spring?" was asked.

"Widow, there are many mysterious things connected with the lightning rod business. This is one of them. The petroleum will appear in good time. So will the men. So shall I. One day nature sends us a thunderstorm; the next day it is a hurricane; the next she causes the earth to quake and pour out petroleum. It is for us poor mortals to take advantage of such things when possible."

The petroleum appeared on the creek. It was sniffed and sighted by a traveler where it crossed the highway. In two days thirty men were sniffing and following the creek to its source. They called at the house. All the widow could say was that the petroleum had suddenly appeared. Those thirty men looked at the widow and her child and turned away. Then they turned back to make offers to lease the farm, to buy it outright, to drill for oil on royalty. No enthusiasm on the part of the widow. She didn't care for money.

The "find" was announced in the papers, and the thirty men became fifty. There were gushers gushing 1,000 barrels of oil per day not fifty miles away. The widow was offered as high as \$10,000 cash for the farm, but she shook her head. Men were going and coming when Mr. Skater drove up with one seated beside him. They went up to the spring, heard the talk and then entered the house. The man started back at sight of the widow, but recovered a moment later. An offer of \$15,000 had just been made for the farm. Mr. Skater left the couple alone for an hour. Then he was asked to gallop his horses for a preacher, and there were a marriage ceremony and a scattering of disappointed speculators.

No, the petroleum didn't last over two weeks, but then the widow was as good as she was homely, and you can't get a divorce in any state in the Union just because you got married in a hurry to become the owner of a petroleum ranch.

A GROTESQUE BIRD.

Remarkable Assortment of Colors and Peculiar Shaped Beak of the Brazilian Toucan.

The very peculiar looking Brazilian bird, the toucan, has a body about as big as that of a good sized parrot, but its beak is very different and easily its dominant feature, though this bird is by no means lacking in bright and striking colors. The toucan's beak is half as long as its body, and it is broad and thin and set on edge vertically, shaped something like a blunted scythe, with the slightly curving, rounded edge on top and ending with a hook point turned downward—a remarkable beak in size and shape—and this beak is tinted with a remarkable assortment of colors, purple and red and green and yellow, while around the beak at the head runs a line of black.

The eyes of the toucan are surrounded by circles of a bright light blue, and on its breast, regularly outlined, is a broad and deep expanse of bright yellow in size and shape in proportion to the bird about the same as the generous expanse of shirt front shown by a man in evening dress with his waistcoat cut low and well rounded out at the bottom, this show of yellow being edged with a red line. The toucan's body for the bulk of it is black or a very deep blue black, but around at the base of the tail run two bands of color, one red and one white.

It is not a song bird. It is sold as a pet, not for children, but to adults, and it is more often fancied by men than by women. It takes \$25 to \$50 to buy a toucan.—New York Sun.

ROD AND LINE WON.

Contest Between a Strong Swimmer and an Expert Angler.

A novel contest took place some time ago at the Edinburgh corporation baths between one of the strongest swimmers in Scotland and a well known angler. The contest occurred in a pool eighty feet long and forty feet wide.

The angler was furnished with an eleven foot trolling rod and an undressed silk line. The line was fixed to a girth belt, made expressly for the purpose, by a swivel immediately between the shoulders of the swimmer at the point where he had the greatest pulling power.

In the first trial the line snapped. In the second the angler gave and played without altogether slackening line, and several porpoise dives were well handled. The swimmer then tried corner swimming from corner to corner, but ultimately was beaten, the match ending with a victory for the rod and line.

Another contest took place in which the angler employed a very light trout-rod ten feet long and weighing only six and one-half ounces, the line being the same as that used with the trolling rod. The swimmer, whose aim evidently was to smash the rod, pulled and leaped into the water. He was held steadily, however, and in about five minutes was forced to give in. The rod was again successful. At the finish both competitors were almost exhausted.

Want Their Children Thieves.

The Kakha Khels, a tribe that inhabits the country of the Khyber pass, in northern India, are thieves and consider thieving a most honorable occupation. A young woman of the Kakha Khel will not look at a young man who would like to become her husband unless he is proficient in the art. The dearest wish of a mother is that her little boy may become a cunning thief. Every child is consecrated, as it were, at its birth to crime. A hole is made in the wall similar to that made by a burglar, and the mother passes the infant backward and forward through the hole, singing in its ear: "Be a thief! Be a thief! Be a thief!" They are probably the only tribe in India who glorify peculation and raise it to the dignity of a regular calling.—Christian Herald.

Jenny Lind as a Child.

Jenny Lind as a child of three years was the lark of her parents' house. As a girl of nine she attracted the attention of all lovers of music and entered the Stockholm conservatory as a pupil. Her continuous studies at so tender an age caused the sudden loss of her voice, and for four full years she pursued her theoretical and technical studies, when suddenly the full sweet sounds came back, to the delight, as every one knows, of thousands for many years.

To Show It Off.

"The Cross of the Legion is a wonderful thing for health."

"How's that?"

"There's nothing like it to encourage long promenades in the park."—Fliegende Blätter.

Another Version.

The latest rendering of the Burns lines, "Oh, wad some power, etc.," is given in a London evening paper thus: "Oh, wad some power the gift gie us to see some folk before they see us."

Parental Blunder.

"I know it's ridiculous for me to powder my face so thickly," said the flashing brunette, "but my parents named me Pearl, and I've got to live up to the name."—Chicago Tribune.

Happier Days.

"My poor fellow, were you always a tramp?"

"No, mum. Once I wuz known as a man about town."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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ATTORNEY.
Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, holding Probate Court, No. 18240, Administration.
This is to give notice that the subscriber of the District of Columbia has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, letters testamentary on the estate of Fannie Henderson, late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 2d day of August, A. D. 1912, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.
Given under my hand this 2d day of August, 1912.
DANIEL P. SEATON,
1013 T Street N. W.
Attest: JAMES TANNER,
Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court.
JOS. H. STEWART,
Attorney.

Afue McDowell
Attorney and Counselor-at-Law
503 D street, Northwest
Residence 475 N street, Northwest
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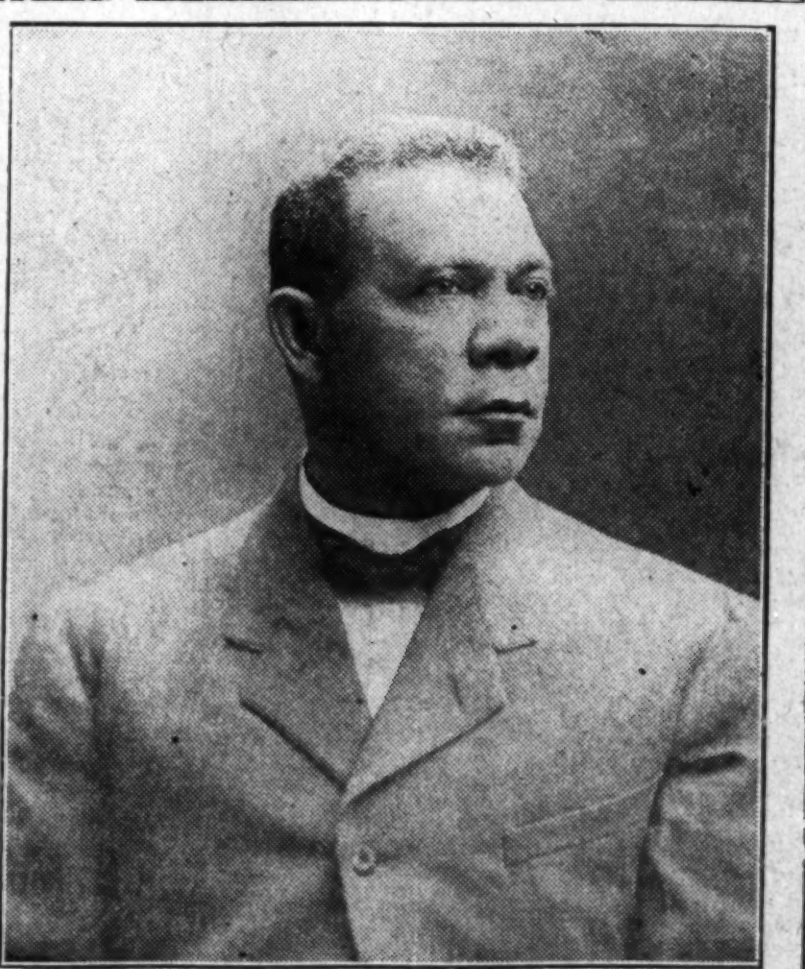
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Harold's father was in the habit of giving \$1 a Sunday to the church. This was put in a numbered envelope in the collection plate and the amount credited to him on the church books. Mr. T. was away for the summer and on his return inclosed his arrears in the envelope and intrusted it to Harold to put on the plate. When the little boy came home from church he said proudly, "I put an awful lot of money on the plate this morning—morn'n anybody else, I guess."

"You got the envelope there all right?" asked his father carelessly, for Harold had been almost afraid to carry so much money.
"Oh, yes," he said, "but I took the envelope off when I got there and just put the money on the plate in my hand. Nobody'd have known how much I gave if I'd left it in the envelope."

Funeral of Mr. Joseph Avery.
Mr. Joseph Avery, who was suddenly stricken a few days ago at his work in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, died of the attack of paralysis. His funeral took place on Sunday afternoon, from St. Mary Chapel, Twenty-third street Northwest, and was largely attended by his many friends and fellow employees, among whom was Capt. Bain, chief of the division of which he worked.
The pall-bearers were Messrs. R. DeLaney, Wm. Rey, Samuel Smith and W. J. Jessop, of the Bureau.
Rev. O. L. Mitchell officiated, assisted by Rev. A. W. H. Collier. Interment, Mt. Zion Cemetery.

A MAGIC CLUB.
Village Sorcerer Performs Rites Over Curious Decoy Used by the Native Fishermen of Hawaii.

"Lau melomelo" is the name of a decoy used by the native fishermen of Hawaii. It is made of the hardest wood to be found on the islands and is carved and rubbed till it assumes the shape of a club with a little knob at the smaller end, to which the line is tied.
The club is from one to three feet long. A village sorcerer performs certain rites over it over a sacred fire. After this is done the club is magic, and the fisherman must be extremely careful of it. If a woman should step over it or enter a canoe in which it lies the club would lose all its power and would be useless ever afterward.

After the club has been charmed the fisherman mixes candlenut and coconut meat, bakes it and ties the mixture in a wrapper of cocoanut fiber. At the fishing grounds the club is covered with the oily juice of the stuff and is then lowered carefully to the bottom. The scent of the baked nut meat attracts certain kinds of fish, which soon gather and begin to nibble at the club. As soon as enough fish are around the decoy a small bag shaped net is lowered very gently until its mouth is just over the club. The latter is then pulled up carefully and cunningly till it is within the bag. The fish are so eager for the stuff with which the club is covered that they follow it into the net without fear. As soon as all the fish are in it a fisherman dives and closes the mouth of the net, whereupon the rest haul it up quickly.

THE MIDDLE AGED MAN.

Finding Happiness in a Life That to Youth Isirksome.

"Younger people," said the middle aged man, "want variety. They want to be always on the go. Routine galls them. They hate to have to do the same thing over and over and over again day after day."

"They want to go somewhere or do something different all the time. Older people are happiest in a life of routine, most disturbed when variety is thrust upon them."

"For myself I welcome my daily task, endlessly repeated and always the same. I should be lost without it; disturbed if it were changed. A life of habit suits me best. I like the old scenes—familiar friendly surroundings. I don't want to change."

"Nor do I want much outside pleasure. In fact, I think I should be best suited with none. I like my groove. It fits me, and I fit it. I don't want change. I just want to be left alone to work in my accustomed ways. It is in my groove that I am most comfortable. I like a life of labor and routine."

"And could there come to one a greater blessing? Nature and the customs of men enforce routine upon us whether we like it or not. In youth this irks us, but in our maturer years in a life of routine, in the undisturbed enjoyment of familiar labor, we may find our greatest happiness."—New York Sun.

The One to Pay.
When she was Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West consented to electioneer for Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett in his first parliamentary campaign. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett was married to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, a very rich woman, who was nearly forty years his senior. Lady Randolph, with her beauty and charms, did splendid work for the candidate.

To a group of farmers she said one day:
"Won't you promise me to vote for Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett?"
"My lady," said a red faced farmer, with a chuckle, "we'll all vote for him if every vote 'll be paid for with a kiss."
"Thank you very much," said Lady Randolph. "Your offer is accepted. I'll send for the Baroness Burdett-Coutts at once."

Deserted Their Towns.
So late as the end of the seventeenth century the inhabitants of Ceylon were in the habit of deserting their towns. Their customs are described in the narrative of Captain Robert Knox, who for nineteen years, from 1680 to 1679, was a captive among them. He speaks of several towns as lying desolate owing to the fact that their inhabitants had forsaken them. This they did if many of them fell sick, and two or three died soon after one another, thinking that it was a visitation of the evil one. Some of them came back when they thought the evil spirits had departed.

A Queer Creature.
Queer that while the male seal is a bull and the female a cow their youngster is not called a calf, but a pup.
Why "seal fisheries" too, when the seal is not a fish?
And why should the seal's breeding place be styled a rookery?
It looks as if this strange creature is only a fish in common parlance while at sea. On land (or ice) he is classed popularly with animals or birds.—Exchange.

Gratitude.
Kind Lady—My poor man, what would you do with the money if I gave you a penny? Tired Hobo—Madam, I'd buy a picture postcard and write yer a note o' thanks.—Cleveland Leader.

Ignorance when it is voluntary is criminal.—Johnson.

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